MAINE FARMER.

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS GENERAL INTELLIGENCE &c.

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MAINE FARMER.

'Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.'

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

PRUNE BEFORE YOU PLANT. One would suppose that it was a very simple and plain matter to take up a tree and set it out again. Indeed it is so easily done that it is seldom done right. The ordinary way is to pull up the tree "by the roots," that is to say, pull it out, not regarding the amount of roots which may come up with the body, nor whether they are whole or broken. Then dig a hole in the solid earth just big enough to hold what roots there may be, and ram down the same earth again around the tree as if you were setting a post. If it lives it is well—if not, it is the fault of the tree. They *wouldn't* live. Now it is next to impossible to take up a tree without injuring its roots more or less, and if not injured they are rendered weaker by the violence done them, as it will take some time, put them in the best situation you can, for them to get into full operation. We have always found it beneficial to proportion the top to the roots. That is, to cut off the ends (not the whole) of most of the branches. The roots supply the sap. The leaves are agents in pumping it up, and suffer much of the superfluous moisture to transpire from their surface.

Now if there should be more leaves than the roots can supply with moisture, the tree must suffer. By clipping off more or less of them you will bring about a fair balance, and your trees will be more likely to live. We have been disputed in this matter, but experience always bore us out in this position, and we see that it also does the same for others. In the last number of the Horticulturist are two articles on this subject. One from the editor, Mr. Downing, who declares himself a convert to this practice. He observes, "a good deal of attention to this subject within a few years, has forced us to believe against our earlier opinion, that a pretty severe shortening back of the head of a tree, is most decidedly beneficial, in all cases except where the tree is so young that it has suffered no loss of roots in removal, or where the operation of taking it up has been performed with such extraordinary care as to preserve a balance of roots and branches." He also relates the success of some experiments that he had tried by a friend as follows: "In 1846, he planted in an orchard upon good mellow wheat soil, 180 apple trees. They were received from the nursery in the usual condition —that is, with the roots in fair order—but of course, like all nursery trees, somewhat shortened by the spade, in digging.

They were all carefully planted in well prepared holes. Before planting, one half of their number had their tops shortened back so as to leave only one bud of the previous season's wood. The others were planted in the usual way, with their heads entire. The season was, on the whole, quite favorable. Of the ninety trees that had their heads pruned at the time of planting, only *two* died, and they nearly all made fine shoots—many of the latter, eighteen inches long.

Of those that were planted with their heads entire, *eight* died, and though the rest started into healthy foliage, yet some of them lost the ends of their branches, few or none of them made shoots exceeding six inches in length, and not one of them had the deep green and luxuriant appearance at the end of the season, which the other half of the orchard presented. This, the second year's growth, is scarcely less markedly in favor of the pruned trees. They have now not only larger and finer heads than those left untouched, but their heads are decidedly better shaped, and they are more luxuriant and promising in their general aspect." Mr. D. also gives the results of several other experiments with peach trees, all corroborating this theory.

The only exception to this rule is in the case of evergreens. These do not bear pruning. As they have smaller foliage, &c., different kind of sap, they do not require it as do the broad leaved deciduous trees.

DIG LARGE HOLES WHEN YOU PLANT. It is a very poor plan to dig small holes in which to put your trees. Dig large holes—much larger than the roots will fill. In this way you make a large and fine bed for the roots to grow in. This is much better than compelling them to be crowded into a small space, and then to push their way through solid, unbroken earth. It retards their growth, and is afterwards the cause of their death. Nothing is saved by being thus niggardly of labor.

Keep the ground loose about the tree, and in good condition. By thus doing you not only add to the chances of its living, but you increase the growth, and if hastening the maturity so as to enjoy the fruits of your labor, you will find attention of this kind well repaid.

THE NEW GENESEE FARMER, a publication, by the way, which we always like to take up, contains the following excellent suggestions relative to sustaining agricultural societies. The article contains much in italics.

"Those who desire to see their county agricultural societies increase in numbers and spirit and usefulness, should take pains to increase the circulation of agricultural papers among the farmers of their county. In no other way can the object be so easily gained. All experience and observation have shown that reading farmers are the only ones that can be relied on to sustain and carry forward those grand means of improvement. Take your horses, then, ye friends of agriculture, and spend a day or two in calling on the farmers of your town and county, and induce them *all* to become reading farmers: they, or their children will thank you for it hereafter." This is capital advice; who'll follow it? w.

THE BORER.

It is rare that we see any of these insects until the latter part of June, which is the period at which they generally leave the trees, (as any one may ascertain who will watch them,) from the minute perforations which are discoverable some ten inches or a foot above the surface of the soil.

The apple tree, however, though a great sufferer, is not the only tree that is injured by the borer. You will see the holes of these insects in the bark of the peach, the white ash, and the locust. These holes are usually about one-seventh of an inch in diameter, and we have known many yellow-locust trees utterly destroyed; apparently by the multiplicity of perforations; but in such cases, we have usually found the holes, whence the fly makes its exit, from two to four, and even five feet from the soil. The eggs which this insect deposits, is about the size of a cabbage seed—of a brownish color, and may be found, if looked for in a dull day in July, near the surface of the soil. In the apple tree, and quince tree, the point of attack is generally nearer the ground; and at this point, the eggs are laid. The best method is said to be to wash the bark of the trees with a strong lye, made of wood ashes—the stronger the better—in July, after the eggs have been deposited. These are generally laid in this form, ○○○○○○, and are ten in number, which renders their detection quite easy. Many valuable trees are annually destroyed by the borer, and any remedy that promises to be effectual in dislodging them, or preventing their attacks upon our fruit and forest trees, will be regarded as a desideratum "devoutly to be wished." It is said that leached ashes, heaped around trees, have prevented a new deposit of eggs, and that the trees so treated, though seriously infested and injured, have speedily recovered. There is no question, we think, but that lye will kill the egg, if it be properly applied. w.

SORE TEATS IN COWS—AN EASY CURE.

There are probably but few farms in New England numbering half a dozen cows, on which this troublesome disease is not more or less frequent. The irritation it produces occasions no small inconvenience to the milker, as well as suffering to the animal and loss of milk.

For the cure of sore teats, a friend long engaged in the dairy business in the State of New York, informs us that the following preparation is an infallible remedy, and should always be kept on hand, and applied occasionally, as circumstances may demand. When this disease appears in warm weather, its virulence is often greatly increased by the teasing of insects, and in such cases an ounce of assafœtida should be added. The disease does not always affect the udder—being in many instances confined to the teats, and when this is the case the latter should be washed in a solution of salt, and the operation repeated till you affect a cure.

Ointment of sweet elder, 4 ounces;
Spirits of turpentine, (*fresh,*) 1 ounce;
Yellow barsilican ointment, 4 ounces.
Incorporate thoroughly, and apply the mixture warm to the teats and udder. w.

BLOATED CATTLE—CURE. A friend of ours who, by the way, is a person of much observation, and who, withal, has had considerable experience lately in the management of neat cattle, informs us that last August he noticed one of his young cattle much bloated, evidently in great agony, and groaning loudly at every breath. His first movement was to cut off a small portion of her tail. He then administered a strong dose of thoroughwort, with a small quantity of tansey, which immediately started the wind; a second bottle was then poured down, and the animal turned into the yard, and driven briskly about for a few minutes, when the bloat wholly disappeared, and the animal was in a short time as well and hearty as ever. This is a very simple remedy, and we have frequently heard others assert, generally if not always, an efficient one. w.

THE ASH. The white ash is not only a most beautiful tree, but highly valuable for timber. It is used mechanically for a great variety of purposes, and in many situations is even more durable than oak. For carriage building it is not surpassed by any wood, particularly for felloes, shafts, and springs, and being possessed of great elasticity and strength it lasts a long time, perfectly sound and unimpaired. There are few of our deciduous trees more easily propagated, and were it not for the attacks of the borer, which, in this climate, often proves fatal to it—but which, by the way, may be easily prevented, its cultivation would prove a source of no small profit, as it is annually becoming more scarce and more difficult to be obtained. w.

GARGET POISONOUS TO THE HORSE. A correspondent of the Genesee Farmer asserts that garget, taken internally, even in small doses, proves fatal to the horse. "A neighbor of mine," says the writer, "was in the habit of giving his horse ears of corn as he passed his stall. Passing one evening with some pieces of garget in his hand, he offered a piece to the horse, which he took, and died in twenty-four hours." w.

SPRINKLING ASHES ON POTATO TOPS. A correspondent (Mr. Kendall) informs us that Mr. James Stewart, of Baileyville, tried the following experiment very successfully on his potatoes the last summer. As soon as he had discovered the rust had struck the tops of his potatoes he strewed ashes on twenty rows of them. When he dug them he found them all sound, while about a quarter part of the rest were affected with the rot. Every fact that will lead us to success in warding off this calamitous disease in the potato is valuable.

The amount of beet root sugar made in France during the present year is 107,500,110 lbs., being an increase of 26,432 lbs., on the quantity manufactured last year. The duty paid in the 12 months was £650,000 sterling.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE
on Butter, Cheese, Honey, and Fruits.

To the Trustees of the Kennebec Co. Ag. Society:

GENTLEMEN—It was not only a mark of high respect to the editorial corps of Kennebec, that they were all drafted by your honors to serve on this committee, but we also look upon it as an indication of much shrewdness in yourselves.

You were probably aware that they were *all* men of superior skill and judgment, and being restricted, from the necessities of their calling, to meagre diet. They would of course have their appetites sharpened by abstinence, and the discrimination of their tastes rendered keen by unsatisfied desire.

We were sorry to say that, however well they might be qualified in this respect, only three of the Kennebec host editorial, dared to *"come up to the scratch,"* viz: your humble servant, the chairman; Bro. Rice, of The Age; and Bro. Rowell, of the Cultivator. In this dilemma, with a formidable array of dairy products before us, and reduced forces to grapple with them, it became necessary to press into our service two others, who, while they should not eclipse the editors in the fair rotundity of their persons, should nevertheless be well skilled in the requirements of good living.

We were so fortunate as to secure the services of Col. James L. Child, and Dea. John Means, of Augusta, and with this timely addition to our forces, commenced the attack upon as good a lot of butter as was ever exhibited at a cattle show since cattle shows began.

There were twenty-five lots, and not a single poor lot in the whole, and you may well suppose that, quiet, unassuming men like us —who had been so unused to the tapping of such dainties, were not a little puzzled to make up our verdict. After tasting, re-tasting, and re-re-tasting, we came to the conclusion that we would give the first premium to No. 49, [Mrs. Daniel Craig, of Readfield]; the second premium to No. 16, [Charles C. Grant, of Augusta]; the third premium to No. 90, [Cyrus Guild, jr., of Augusta]; and the fourth premium to No. 94, [Mrs. Ann Dunbar, of Readfield].

The amount of Cheese offered was not so great as the butter, nor of so good quality. We noticed that some of them had probably, judging from the horrible wounds that they exhibited, suffered an attack from the committee of the whole, *just before dinner*, or at some other hungry hour. We endeavored to treat their remains with decent respect, and after nibbling each very genteelly, we awarded the first premium to No. 68, [J. E. Snell, of Winthrop]; the second premium to No. 110, [N. Robinson, of Augusta]; and the third to No. 72, [N. Foster, of Winthrop].

HONEY. The sweetest part of our labors was during the examination of some beautiful honey, exhibited by Lawriston Guild, of Sidney. It was manufactured by a colony of Bees that he had domiciled in Beard's Beehives, and the boxes that he exhibited were well filled with the best. Why didn't he bring the whole hive? We knew that if we once entered into the discussion of it we should not have left it until the whole business was *fairly settled*. Indeed, what little there was before us served to prove that there is nothing like a pot of honey for sweetening editors, and the harmony that existed among us at the time was only equalled by the rapid disappearance of the luscious specimens submitted to our examination. The soothing effect of the treat, so overcome the *sour krout-ishness* of our human natures, that we awarded the Society's premium to Mr. Guild, by acclamation.

FRUITS. After we had got through the more substantial viands we looked over our shoulders for the desert. With the exception of some superb grapes we looked in vain, and our hearts (stomachs) began to sink within us, when all of a sudden, who should appear among us but our old friend John M. Ives, of Salem, Mass., laden with splendid specimens of choice fruit which he had raised on the plains of Naumkeag. We thank him for the rich additions he made to the exhibition, and may he live a thousand years and neither his shadow nor his pears ever grow less. As he presented them for exhibition only, we can only give him this gratuity of our thanks.

Of Grapes, excellent specimens were presented by Morrell Stanley, Esq., of Winthrop; Mr. Hawks, of Hallowell ⋈ Roads; Col. J. L. Childs, of Augusta; Mr. Samuel L. Pierce, of Hallowell.

Those of Mr. Hawks were best ripened, but there was not enough to command the premium. The committee award to Colonel Child the Society's premium for his grapes—of the Isabella variety.

The rich specimen of this grape presented, proves, that by a little care they can be ripened with us; and the eagerness with which the bystanders *put in* to help the committee also proved incontestibly that, although teetotalism is prevalent, yet each man has a *wine vat* of his own, which he uses when he can get grapes to fill it.

Some fine specimens of Peaches were presented by Frederick A. Fuller, Esq., of Augusta, and Jacob Pope, of Hallowell ⋈ Roads. We would recommend a gratuity to them as a token of approbation for their exertions in cultivating this delicious fruit.

Your committee were gratified with the examination of some well ripened specimens of the Egg-plant, raised and exhibited by J. L. Child, Esq., of Augusta. The fruit was large and well matured. This is a rare production among us, and excited much curiosity, especially to a live Yankee, who stood by, calculating the saving there would be in dispensing with useless biddies, if we could *raise eggs on bushes*.

With great respect, your most obedient and well fed committee,
E. HOLMES, per order.

An apple tree on the farm of Wm. Thurber, 2d, Esq., is now in blossom for the third time this season! A bunch of the flowers has been sent us by Mr. T. [Prov. Herald.

[For the Maine Farmer.]

HISTORY OF THE INGALLS COW.

MR. HOLMES—Sir: In compliance with your request of the 9th ult., I send you all the facts that are known respecting the origin and history of the celebrated cow recently sold by Hon. H. Ingalls.

This cow was raised by Newcomb True of this town, and was calved Dec., 1837. Her mother was brought into this town by Luther Burr, Esq., who bought her (the mother) of John Frizzell of Starks, when she was two years old. Mr. B. describes her as being a little black cow of the native breed. She had a calf when two years old, and at that time gave a very large quantity of rich milk, and continued to increase in milk till she was six years old. This season, running with three or four other cows in a very rich pasture, she gave a very large quantity of milk, and so large was her bag, in proportion to her diminutive body, that she excited great admiration. But she began to run down, and finally got so feeble that she could not get up without help; and all this time she gave as much milk as either two of the other cows, which were considered first rate. As no one could tell what the matter was, a farrier was sent for, who examined her, but could not find that there was any disease about her. He ordered her to be kept up and fed on hay, and as upon this fare she began to gain strength, after a while a little Indian meal was added and she finally got over it.

Neither her milk nor butter was ever weighed, but it is thought she would give about as much as the Ingalls cow. The infirmities of age began to creep on her while young; her eyes began to grow dim, and her ears dull of hearing, and she finally became blind and deaf, but her appetite never failed. She would eat any thing in the shape of food. She, like the celebrated Morgan horse, left a large family to hand her good qualities down to posterity. All her calves, which, with one exception, were heifers, made first rate cows for milk; and they all seemed to inherit the good qualities of their mother, even to the third and fourth generation.

When about worn out, she was disposed of to Mr. True for the sum of ten dollars, and with much care and nursing he succeeded in raising one of the best cows this country ever afforded—"the Ingalls cow."

The history of this cow comprises all that is known respecting the origin of the breed. Mr. Frizzell is not able to give any account of her—does not recollect what cow she came of. He kept at that time a number of cows, which were good, but nothing extra. He thinks their superior milking qualities were not hereditary. This cow was certainly a remarkable one, but no very satisfactory reason can be given why she and her descendants have proved themselves so much more valuable for dairy purposes than many other cows of this country. A. J. DOWNS.

Mercer, October 26, 1847.

BLACK MURRAIN.

Mr. Editor,—That contagious, malignant epidemic, the *Murrain* has made its appearance in one section of this town. Four animals, (an ox and three cows,) have died within a few days within the compass of less than a quarter of a mile with this disease which is distinguished as the *Black Murrain*. They all died very suddenly, and what renders the matter more afflicting and melancholy, is the sudden death of the owner of one of the cows that died. He probably took the infection from skinning and opening his cow, accidentally making a wound at the time on his hand. A respectable Physician who attended the man, informs me that every symptom and circumstance attending his case, indicated evidence that this was the cause of his sickness, but he was called too late to render him efficient aid. The other three cattle were prudently buried without skinning, but were carefully opened, and the spleen or milt (as it is called) was found to be, in each, much swollen, and partly consumed. Would it not be well for the public to be cautioned against skinning or opening animals that have died of this disease, unless it is done with great care; and Tanners, cautioned not to purchase, or handle such hides; for some may not be aware of the danger attending the operation?

It is not doubted that you, or some of your numerous correspondents, will give such information as has, or may come to your knowledge as to some remedy for this dreadful disease. As the blood (it seems) stops in its circulation through the spleen and causes it to swell; the letting of blood on the first symptoms, and, indeed, blooding all the stock that comes in contact with the infected animals may, I should think, be advisable.

Symptoms of this disease may be known by the animals hanging down their heads, which have swollen, short breathing, rattling of the throat, cough, a slimy tongue, swelling of the chest and a stoppage in the bowels: endeavoring to remove the latter by a suitable drench may be important. C.

Hamilton, October 16th, 1847.

We believe that bleeding and physicing are all that can be done in cases of murrain. Were these cattle kept on wet lands through the summer, or were they tied up over night in a tight barn? Cattle are generally healthy, we hear, this season.

The putrid blood of dead animals should never come in contact with the blood of the living. Many cases of this kind have proved fatal. [Ploughman.

Pumpkins are richer than turnips and make better beef. Now save the seeds of the sweetest and fairest to plant next year.—Thanksgiving is not well kept in New England without a supply of pumpkins. Pies from pumpkins are less dangerous than pies of minced meat and raisins. [Ploughman.

Turkies confined in a small room perfectly dark, are said to have been fattened in one fourth of the usual time.

A drop or two of honey well rubbed on the hands while wet, after washing with soap, prevents chapping, and removes the roughness of the skin.

[From the Saturday Courier.]

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

BY WM. C. LODGE.

Humble workman! 'mid the treasures
Earth so gratefully bestows,
Crowning rugged toil with pleasures,
That the sluggard never knows;
Weary not in thy well doing,
Blessings follow every care,
Digging, planting, reaping, sowing,
Tilling God's own wide parterre.

Warrior! with proud, martial bearing,
Clothed in glittering panoply,
Bold hearts love thy deeds of daring,
Sweet lips melt in smiles for thee;
But the farmer, bending lowly,
Delving for the fruits of earth,
Boasts affection far more holy,
Purer smiles, at his own hearth.

Statesman of exalted station,
Anxious eyes are bent on thee;
Trust, helmsman of thy nation,
Guardian of its destiny:
Thou, 'midst wild contending powers,
Treadest on thy thorny way;
He, with sunshine, fruits and flowers,
Wiles the peaceful hours away.

Twine we garlands from the bowers
Of the everliving bay,
Wreathe of fair unfading flowers,
At the poet's feet we lay:
We have grateful, fond oblations,
Proffered free for every one,
Boasting proud and lofty stations—
For earth's lowly tiller, none.

He desires no brighter glory
Than a fair, untarnished name,
Scorning all the transitory,
Trumpet-sounding notes of fame.
Pageantry and pride and power,
And the world's capricious fame,
Lasting as a summer flower,
Fall beneath his noble aim.

His nation's pride, her strongest pillar—
Thousands, on a foreign shore,
Bless the noble free-born tiller,
Sharing his free-offered store;
Foes swear friendship, true and lasting,
Conquered by the "staff of life;"
Better than with red sword, blasting
Hopes and homes in deadly strife.

Honor then thy high vocation,
Speed the earth-controlling plow,
'Tis the glory of thy nation,
Long, long may it be as now:
Almoner of those rich treasures
Fruitful nature lends to man,
Steward of earth's goods and pleasures,
God's own titled nobleman.

BOILED FLAXSEED V. LINSEED MEAL.

The following paper, on "Linseed, Linseed Cake, and Meal, for fattening Cattle and rearing Calves," is by Messrs. M'Adam and Co., general millers, Douglass street, Belfast, who have for some years seen it practiced with the best results:—

"Almost every person in the habit of feeding cattle for the butcher is acquainted with the fattening qualities of linseed cake, but rearing calves with linseed meal has only been introduced in this neighborhood within the last three or four years; it is now quite established, and a great saving is the result.

Half a pound of this meal is sufficient for a calf daily, and this costs from one half-penny to three farthings; while a quantity of milk, containing the same proportion of nutriment, would cost eight-pence to tenpence per day; a saving would thus be effected of at least six-pence a day on each calf, which is 3s. 6d. per week for one calf, and £8 10s. per week for 20 calves; and this for three or four months, amounts to a sum worth saving.

This linseed meal is the cake ground; the best way of using it is to steep at the rate of quarter of a pound for each feed, in cold water, for 20 to 24 hours; then to dilute with warm water to the temperature of new milk, making a gruel about equal in bulk to the milk usually given—if any milk be added, a pint of each feed is quite enough.

The general report of our farmers and dairymen, who have continued the use of this meal for rearing calves during the last three or four years, is, that the calves are more healthy when fed on it, than formerly when fed on milk, and that there are fewer deaths; it is very nutritive, and at the same time keeps the stomach and intestines in a cool and wholesome condition."

[Eng. Mark Lane Express.

FERTILIZATION.

The fertilizing principles of all manures is the quantity of *humus gas* (light) imbibed by them and converted into carbon, and easily reconvertible into *humus* or vegetable mould by the addition of moisture, which produces decomposition, as in the green leaves of cabbages, turnips, corn, squash, tomatoes, &c., to be turned under and well covered up while in their green or moist state. Vegetable substances laid in heaps, ferment, and often causes injurious heat; but if kept in their layers as ploughed in, only decompose by a slow and gentle heat, all the juices remaining to feed the crop. The vegetables above named are noted for the open and airy ground which they require for the full development of their leaves, as they derive the maximum of their sustenance from the air. Hence the value of rain, liquid manure, and top dressing.

The only advantage gained by hay, straw, and grain, &c., passing through the body of an animal, is the fitting it in a more quick manner as food for plants; but even thus much valuable fertilizing matter is wasted in passing through the animal, which if turned under in its green state would be converted to the substance of the plant. Besides, nature has provided that the seeds of clover, hay, &c., should not be destroyed, only by fermentation, and hence after leaving the animal body, the seeds are in general, cast along with the litter upon the land, and an endless labor entailed upon the farmer is the consequence. Weeding, weeding, and still they grow, for it is a true saying, "one year's seeding is seven year's weeding."

All dried fodder, after it has been passed as food, ought to be fermented (not burned.) The winter manure heaps ought to be well moistened, and turned over at least three times during the summer, and laid on the land with the fall crops. The summer made dung ought to undergo the same process, and be used with the spring crops. Thus, all seeds of weeds, &c., would be decomposed by the repeated fermentations and a clean fertilizer calculated to benefit the soil realized. In this way an approach is made to the most valuable principle of the green fertilizer.

Again. The construction of fences has a beneficial or injurious effect upon vegetation according as they are constructed. An upright pailing fence with alternate openings, produces a warm and moist current of air, and cattle will eagerly sip the shortest grass growing near it.

A close boarded upright fence, causes a cold and moist air.

A horizontal board fence with openings, produces a cold and dry current of air, and vegetables near are injured accordingly.

Forest trees, especially the maple, planted in hedge rows, produce a warm and moist current of air, beneficial to both vegetable and animal.

Thorn, buckthorn, winter beech, Canada pine, &c., hedges, give a warm and dry current of air, suited to plants which require a still atmosphere, and also agreeable as a shade for man and beast.

Also, pieces of board, placed in the ground in front of cabbages, cauliflowers, and such like, will be found of more benefit than the richest manures.

Plants are nourished by the humus gas and moisture which they imbibe from the air, by the under surface of the leaves, and by the humus of carbon which they take by their roots, from the soil in combination with ammonia, nitrogen, carbonic acid, phosphoric acid, (bone earth) salts, &c., and give off in a pure state, oxygen, carbonic acid, and nitrogen in their different stages of growth and decay.

When the excess of moisture is liberated from the soil by means of draining and cultivation, then it is that the humus gas is able to enter the soil in a heated state, which greatly assists in the conversion of liquids, gases, saline combinations, &c., and indeed it is well known that such cultivation has a direct beneficial tendency upon the healthiness and salubrity of the air and soil, so as to produce very sensible results.

Of the agency of light in its exhibition in the various parts of vegetable organization we are all cognizant, also that the air or atmosphere is a considerable help to vegetable life;—but the philosophy of both light and air is yet in its infancy, and the farmer would do well to examine and judge for himself as to the control and use that he has over them.

R. DOLBEN.

[Boston Cultivator.]

PAYNE'S PROCESS FOR PRESERVING TIMBER.

Mr. Payne is well known as an assiduous laborer in this department of practical science; he has contributed in no small degree to the advancement of preservative process.—The basis of the matter which he now proposes to use as a saturating solution for timber and other vegetable matters which are liable to decay, is sulphur. Sulphur is to be applied in a state of combination with other matters capable of forming a sulphuret soluble in water. The sulphuret serves the purpose of assisting the process of impregnation, after which primary preparation, the sulphuret is incorporated, and the sulphur set free from its combination or recombined, so as to form a sulphuret insoluble in water, remaining within the timber, fibre, or fabric, impregnated therewith. The sulphuret employed may be either potassium, sodium, strodtium, calcium, or barium, the two last mentioned substances being preferred by the patentee. The mode of manufacture of the sulphuret of barium is practised by Mr. Payne as follows:—Mix any quantity of powdered sulphate of barytes, with a quantity of any carbonaceous matter, sufficient to de-oxidize the acid, as well as the the base of the salt; from one to two parts of powdered coke or charcoal, to sixteen parts of the sulphate, is found to answer. The mixture is subjected to the action of heat in a reverberatory furnace, until it attains a bright red or white heat, at which temperature it remains for about an hour, being frequently stirred during that time.

A small excess of either of the component parts of the mixture, is not productive of injurious results, as, should the proportion of sulphate of barytes be too great, the only difference will be that the whole of it will not be converted into sulphate of barium, and when the sulphuret is dissolved from the insoluble sulphate of barytes, the latter may be again added to its proportion of coke as before, and and inversely if the other ingredient predominates. The specific gravity of the solution best adapted for impregnation, is about 1.040, the strength being kept up during the immersion of the articles to be impregnated, by periodical additions of the necessary ingredients. The easiest mode of preparation of the sulphuret of barium is to make a saturated solution of it in boiling water, afterwards adding a certain proportion of water in order to reduce it to specific gravity before mentioned. The solution is to be kept as free from the atmosphere as may be, in order to prevent the decomposing effects of the carbonic acid which it imbibes. The material to be impregnated, is placed in an air tight vessel, strong enough to bear the external pressure of the atmosphere; the vessel is then filled with steam, which is condensed by the injection of a quantity of the sulphuretted solution, at the same time applying cold water to the vessel externally. When a partial vacuum is obtained, the solution to be employed, is permitted to flow into a vessel by a pipe communicating with its containing reservoir. The pipe is then closed so as to stop the further flow of the solution, and the air is then further exhausted by means of a pump. The solution is then again admitted, being forced in by pumps, so as to obtain a pressure of from 110 to 140 lbs. per square inch, which pressure is kept up for about an hour, in order to saturate the articles fully. After this impregnation, the articles are again saturated with an acid or other solution, which possesses the property of decomposing the sulphuret, as previously adverted to. The composing material applied by the patentee, is sulphate of iron, which is used in the proportion of 22 oz. in the gallon of water. Saturation with this latter compound, decomposes the sulphuret, and sets free the sulphur, leaving it in a perfect state of combination with the article to be preserved. [Scientific American.

TYPHUS FEVER.

Dr. William McLeod, in a note to the People's Jonrnal, says that typhus fever cannot be arrested by any drug or medicinal means. Bleed and blister, purge and calomelize, or stimulate, and the average number of deaths remain the same from this disease. Dr. McLeod, who is a fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburg, does not write in this way "to disparage the art of medicine; but to induce the regular practitioners to investigate, and society to become acquainted with a practice which, in typhus, will save ninety-six out of every hundred attacked with it," if resorted to in the earlier stages.

This is the plan of treatment recommended:—Place the patient, as soon as possible, in a sheet well wrung out in cold water. This sheet should be laid on a blanket extended on a mattress: which should be wrapped close round the patient, as high as the neck. Let the blanket be folded tightly over, so as to exclude the external air, and two other blankets or a small feather bed be added. Repeat the process every time the patient becomes restless or uncomfortable, until the dry, hot skin has become softer and more prone to perspiration, and the fever entirely subsided, even should its repetition be necessary every ten minutes, or should the fever last twenty-four hours. Immediately after each envelope, the patient should be washed in a slipper bath, or common tub, the temperature of the water being seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, or thereabouts. The head should be shaved, and bandages wrung out of cold water kept applied, changing them each time they become warm, until all headache is removed. A similar bandage should be folded once round the stomach, carefully and closely covered by three folds of dry cloth, to prevent evaporation. Let the patient drink as much cold water as he pleases during the whole course of the disease, a free circulation kept up, and the room be cool.

The process of Dr. McLeod will usually overcome the fever in twenty-four hours. For three days thereafter, however, let the wet sheet envelope be applied morning, noon and afternoon—the patient remaining in each time for three-quarters of an hour, and the body be washed after each with water of the natural temperature. If the bowels be constipated, use every morning an injection of tepid water, as long as required. Gentle exercise and moderate diet should be used; all stimulants and medicines avoided.

We know nothing about medicine, and give this plan of treatment because we find it in a highly respectable journal, and published at a time when typhus is raging in every city in England. The Doctor speaks authoritatively. His position is unquestioned, and he affirms that "the average number of deaths from the epidemic will not exceed four out of every hundred of the worst cases, provided this plan of treatment be adopted sufficiently early." [People's Press.

COPPER MINE OF FALUN, IN SWEDEN.—"Copper is found in various places in Sweden, but the chief mines of this metal, which are in the province of Dalecarlia, have been wrought from time immemorial. The metal is not found in veins, but in great masses, and does not extend more than an English mile in circumference. The matrix of the ore is the saxum of Linnaus, or rock and pyrites of iron. The richest part of the ore has been supposed to yield 20 per cent. of copper; but as the poor and rich are blended, they average only 2 per cent. when brought from the mine, and 12 when smelted. The mine is private property, and is divided into shares, 1200 workmen are employed, viz: 600 miners, and the same number in roasting and smelting the ore above ground. The mouth or opening of the mine, says Mr. Coxe, is extremely large, perhaps the largest in the world—being 1200 feet in diameter, or nearly three-quarters of an English mile in circumference; an immense chasm, gradually enlarged to its present size by the excavations and frequent downfalls of the rock. The perpendicular depth is 1020 feet."

The foregoing description of the celebrated copper mine in Sweden, from Rees' Cyclopædia, has been sent to us by an esteemed friend, with the suggestion that its publication might—in these days of copper mining celebrity—be interesting to our readers; we therefore give it a place in the Journal—with the single remark, that we believe the time is not distant, when copper will be found in such abundance in this country, that its relative value, compared with silver and gold, will be such that *pennies* will be equal to quarter-pound weights—or, in other words, *copper* will be almost as cheap as lead and iron.

[Railroad Journal.

CAPSTAN PUMPS. Mr. James F. Andrews, of Boston, has invented a curious pump for nautical purposes, by which a capstan is made to be a pump and to be used as a capstan alone, or both at the same time, without any change of motion. It has the appearance of the capstans now in general use in common ships—possessing however, either the same power, or eight times as much, by a reversal of power. The pumps, four in number, are worked by the capstan. The motion, or stroke of the pump, is obtained by four inclined planes, attached to the circumference of a drum below, but connected with the capstan. The great utility of this invention is obvious upon philosophical principles, when it is considered that it embraces the three mechanical powers of the lever, the wheel, axle and inclined plane combined; working with greater ease and equal velocity four pumps at once—of greater capacity than those in common use by the lever alone. With this invention, it is said, two or three men may without fatigue discharge from a vessel not air tight, from 1500 to 2000 cubic feet of water per hour. [Scientific American.

The Maine Farmer; A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Literature, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, NOV. 11, 1847.

THE BLUES NO HELP TO A MAN.

Didst ever have the *blues*, friend? If so, you have been in a pitiable condition; a condition which the foul fiend himself would not like to be in, however well it might rejoice him to see his victims overwhelmed with it. Different temperaments cause the same things and circumstances to have different aspects. Thus we see trials and sorrows, which all must more or less meet with, borne in a very different manner by individuals. One man sinks under afflictions that another would meet calmly. One man sees the very perfection of horror in what another would laugh to scorn. The different degrees of health in the same individual, cause him to meet troubles with very variable degrees of feeling. Hence it is not unfrequently the case that we see a person sink down with trifling or merely imaginary evils now, and at another time is buoyed up with the strongest courage, and battling with energy and fortitude a tide of real misfortunes. But after all, notwithstanding the variations of temperament and health, a person who is blest with a moderate share of reason and common sense, can discipline his mind, by careful practice, in such a manner that he can meet the vicissitudes of life with equanimity and christian fortitude, and be neither cast down by misfortunes nor too much elated with prosperity. This is a duty which every one owes to himself, and not only to himself, but to his family, friends and the community in which he resides. While we look upon the changes that come upon us, whether they be good or evil, with a proper sense of their true importance, and look to the causes which produced them, and to the results which they must bring about, with the eye of reason, and govern ourselves with discretion in following out the requirements which we must unavoidably fulfill, we should be cheerful without levity, and exhibit a true spirit of gaiety without frivolity. Indeed, cheerfulness, of the right kind, is a christian virtue, the cultivation of which we should all practice as much as in us lies, for it not only makes our own path of life more useful and pleasant, but serves to illumine that of others, and smooths many a rough passage in their journey onward. "The stoutest armor of defence is that which is worn within the bosom; and the weapon which no enemy can parry, is a bold and cheerful spirit."

The old Romans had a maxim which said "*nil desperandum*," which being interpreted, meaneth—*never despair*—or never despond. This despondency is always a foe to all improvement—all progress—all success. A despairing man never did a thing worthy of note—he never moved so as to deserve success, while a courageous cheerful man often bends the most adverse circumstances to his will—surmounts all opposition and at last accomplishes his object. The author of Proverbial Philosophy, very happily describes these two characters in the following allegory:

"I went heavily for cares, and fell into the trance of sorrow; and behold, a vision in my trance and my ministering angel brought it. There stood a mountain huge and steep, the awful Rock of Ages; the sun upon its summit, and storms midway, and deep ravines at foot, and as I looked, a dense black cloud suddenly dropping from the thunder, filled, like a cataract with yeasty foam, a narrow smiling valley. Close and hard that vaporous mass seemed to press the ground, and lamentable sounds came up, as of some that were smothering beneath.

Then as I walked up the mountain, clear in summer's noon, for Charity I called aloud. Ho! climb up hither to the sunshine. And even like a stream of light my voice had pierced the mist.

I saw below two families of men, and knew their names of old; Courage, struggling through the darkness, stout of heart and gladsome, ran up the shining ladder which the voice of hope had made; and tripping lightly by his side, a sweet eyed help-mate with him, I looked upon her face to welcome pleasant Cheerfulness; and a babe was cradled in her bosom, a laughing little prattler, the child of Cheerfulness and Courage,—could his name be other than Success?

So from this happy wife, when they both stood beside me on the mountains, the fond father took the babe, and set him on his shoulder in the sunshine.

Again I peered into the valley, for I heard a gasping moan, a desolate cry as muffled in the vapors. So down that crystal shaft into the poisonous mine I sped for charity to seek and to save,—and those I sought fled from me.

At length, I spied far distant, a trembling dwarf, who crouched beneath the cloak of a tall and spectral mourner. Then I knew Cowardice and Gloom, and followed them on in darkness, guided by their rustling robes and moans and muffled cries until in a suffocating pit the wretched pair had perished,—and lo, their whitening bones were shaping out an epitaph of Failure.

So I saw that despondency was death, and flung my burdens from me, and lightened by that effort, I was raised above the world; yea, in the strangeness of my vision, I seemed to soar on wings, and the names they called my wings were Cheerfulness and Wisdom."

THE REASON WHY. We received an extra from the office of the Thomaston Recorder a few days since, by which we are sorry to learn that the editor is in trouble—that is, can't find a typo to help him bring his second number into existence. He says he has been sadly disappointed—that he has "been able only to get on the track of a printer"—and he thus gives the reason why help is so scarce:

"When the fact is known, that more Printers *have been slain* in the battles at Mexico, than any other class of men, (in proportion to their numbers,) our friends will not be surprised that we have been, thus far unable to obtain the help that we need."

When we reflect that the great prison-house of the State is located in Thomaston,—where the convicted bad men of our commonwealth are kept in "durance vile,"—we are not at all surprised that Bro. Starrett should find it difficult to procure help. It is very rarely the case that printers are found in such places.

RACCOON SLAUGHTER. Ten good fat raccoons were killed by a party of hunters near Northampton, week before last, one of which weighed 22 pounds.

MEETING OF THE MAINE POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The meeting of this society was held at the Court House, on Tuesday, the 2d inst. Some very fine specimens of fruit were exhibited, among which were the following:

Apples from D. & S. N. Taber, Vassalboro'—Blue Pearmain, Porter, Danvers Winter Sweet, Ipswich Sweeting, Starkie Apple, Epsey Sweeting, Queening, Green Winter Sweeting, Baldwin.

Pears from D. & S. N. Taber—Duchess D'Angouleme, Long Green Fig Pear of Naples.

Apples from Dr. Holmes, Winthrop—Purple Drops (seedling), Longfellow's Cathead, and two other varieties, name not known.

From John M. Ives, of Salem, Mass., who favored the society with some beautiful specimens, among which were the following varieties of

APPLES. Minister, Hubbardston Nonsuch, Swaar, Fall Harvey, Reinnette of Canada, Red Doctor, Baldwin, Mela Carla.

Pears from the same—Pound, Marie Louise, Winter Nelis, Urbaniste, Napoleon, Beza de la Motte, Wilkinson, Dix, Hunt's Connecticut, Beurre d'Amalis, Vicar of Winkfield, Beurre d'Aremberg.

Three noble varieties of seedlings were sent in by Mr. Barnum Hodges, of Winslow. Mr. Hodges stated that sixteen years ago he planted the seeds from which these trees sprang, and had received bountiful crops from them for several years. They were sent in for examination and names.

After an examination it was proposed to call one variety Winslow Blues; the largest variety Hodges Pippin; and the other Sebasticook Pearmain. We shall describe these more particularly by and by.

Although there are generally fine fruit exhibited at our meetings, most of which are sent in, we are sorry to find so much remissness on the part of some of the members.

It would seem that those living almost at the very doors of the room, and also the citizens of Augusta generally, would attend occasionally, when the effect would be to encourage the culture of good fruit, and thereby add to the comforts of life. A word to the wise *ought* to be sufficient.

A KENNEBECKER IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

A traveling correspondent of the Boston Bee, in a letter from St. Johns (N. F.) under date of the 10th ult., gives the following account of a Kennebecker with whom he became acquainted in that city. Our shrewd Kennebec boys are scattered all over "creation."

"When I had been here but a few days, one morning, while standing at the door of my hotel, I was accosted by a shrewd looking gentleman, who inquired whether I were not a Yankee. Having assured him that I was proud of the honor of being a Native American, he seized me by the hand, and giving it a shake that I shall not forget in a long time, declared himself a member of that enterprising race of men; said he was born on the Kennebec, and loved the State of Maine more than any other spot of earth he had seen, or ever expected to see. I had been suffering with a disorder to which most strangers are liable in this climate, the English cholera, and was dressed for a ride into the interior in hopes to improve my health—the carriage was at the door, and I had little time to spare with my newly made acquaintance. Informing him of this, he declared his intention not to part with me on so slight acquaintance, and said that though he had not left his business a single day in two months before, and could not well do it then, he would nevertheless accompany me, and keep his eye on me until I should be in a better state of health, or, as he expressed it, "under the sod." Off we started, and during three days I spent in his company, learned something of his history, which being an illustration of the tact for which my countrymen are celebrated, I cannot forbear giving you a slight sketch of it.

Mr. Crosby is a brick-layer, and learned a part of his trade in Albion, Me., where he was born. At the age of twenty years he gave his father an hundred dollars for "his time," and with a pack on his back started for Bangor. Here his industry earned him a good living, and in a year or two he was sent to St. John, N. B., as foreman of a gang of Yankee mechanics. At St. John he met with good success, and shortly became a partner with his employers. The "burnt district" at St. John was built up by Yankee brick-layers, and Crosby was one of the principal speculators in the operation. After the conflagration, which destroyed almost the entire commercial portion of this city, mechanics could command almost any price for their services, and our Yankee friend was not long in discovering that here was an excellent opportunity for him to exercise his speculative genius. Accordingly he loaded vessels at Bangor with lime, bricks, and Yankees, and proceeded hitherward. In eight days after his arrival, one building was finished and another in a state of progressiveness. The Newfoundlanders were completely astonished at this expeditious manner of performing labor, and the works and workmen were the theme of universal admiration. Crosby is now at the head of mechanical operations here and reaping a rich reward for his enterprise. He says he has nearly enough to last him for the remainder of his days, and intends in a year or two to build him a cottage in his native town, and there enjoy the reward of his labors. Such is the Yankee character, and you will find it the same everywhere. A fondness for home, always fervent, yet your true yankee will deprive himself of every comfort, and buffet the severest storms of life in pursuit of his idol, the "Almighty Dollar."

RUNNING A BULL AGAINST LIGHTNING. We find the following novel challenge in the Boston Transcript, signed by our old friend and associate, F. O. J. Smith, and dated at the Telegraph office, in Boston, the 27th ult. Mr. House, it is said, has been challenging Professor Morse to a test. He has now a fair opportunity of "taking the bull by the horns." Will he do it? that's the question. Mr. Smith is associated with Mr. Morse in the Telegraph business. We know nothing of Mr. House's patent, but we reckon Mr. Smith keeps "one of the bulls." If the challenge is accepted, the bull is "bound," of course, to *exert* himself. Our pride for one of the noblest animals on the farm, induces us to *risk a quarter* on the bull's head. Here's the document in question:

"I will deposit $1000 in the Merchants' Bank against a like sum, that I have a Durham bull, whose weight exceeds 2,500 pounds, who will travel from Boston to New York city, with a message of one thousand words, in less time than the whole telegraphic system patented by House can convey the same message, in consecutive words, from Boston to New York; and I will furnish the wires of the New York and Boston Telegraph, free of charge, to the House instruments, to carry out the undertaking. The offer to be accepted and the trial to be made within all the months of October and November of the present year. FRANCIS O. J. SMITH."

SOMERSET INSTITUTE. The Teachers' Institute for Somerset county, closed its session on Friday evening, the 29th ult. There were a hundred and seventy-one teachers in attendance. The Institute was conducted with great ability, by Mr. Town, giving entire satisfaction. At its close, the teachers organised themselves into an association, and propose to hold a meeting in Skowhegan some time during the month of December.

ANOTHER FEMALE SAILOR.

The Hancock County Democrat, of last week, gives an extended account of an instance of *female sailorism*, which has recently come to light in the town of Mt. Desert.—About three weeks since, Capt. Dow, of the above named place, shipped in Boston a fine looking young *man* as cook, who offered his services in that capacity for his passage east. He performed his duties capitally. No one suspected that the nice little cook was a female in male attire, until two or three days after their arrival at Mt. Desert, where, while engaged in discharging the vessel's freight, one of the hands discovered that the cook wore stays. The Captain learning the fact, questioned her, whereupon she "owned up," and gave the following piteous story of her wrongs. We copy from the Democrat:

"Her true name, she said, was Jane Brown—that she was 19 years old, and the wife of George Brown, of Oldtown, by whom she had one child, now dead. That her husband had recently deserted her, and left for Massachusetts in company with a young woman, formerly belonging at Concord, N. H. That she resolved to follow him, and if possible, to persuade him to return with her—and for the better accomplishment of her object, and avoid any insults which her sex and unprotected condition might subject her to, she determined to dress herself in her husband's clothes, and pass for a man. She left her home and traveled to Bangor in the night, took passage in a coaster for Boston, and went to Lowell in the cars, when she learned her husband had gone to Concord, where she followed him.

After some considerable inquiry, she fell in with a young man, who told her he knew her husband, and that he was there, stopping at a house of rather questionable character. She went to this house, found her husband. He however did not recognize her. She stopped long enough to learn that her husband claimed to be married to his paramour, and that he had so far sunk in sensuality and sin, as to be unworthy of her affection and love. She left with a heavy heart, and arriving at Boston, her funds were exhausted, and she found herself compelled to adopt the course she did, in order to return to her friends.

Upon this confession, Capt. Dow immediately conveyed her ashore to his family, where she was furnished suitable apparel. The ladies in the neighborhood forthwith raised, by contribution, a sufficient sum to pay her fare to Oldtown—procured her passage, by water, to this place, where she took the stage for home, where her presence—if her story be true—will have relieved her friends of the anxiety which they must have felt at her before unexplained abscence."

THE WAY THEY VOTE IN PENNSYLVANIA. The Pittsburg American, of the 21st., gives the following amusing account of the way they "do voting" in some parts of that State. There is probably quite as much truth as poetry in it, and withal a spice of wit. We trust we shall not be deemed as over-stepping the bounds of *neutrality* by giving it to our readers.

A friend at our elbow sticks to it that the returns from Westmoreland are the same talley-sticks that were sent in in 1844, with only some verbal alterations. In Tioga, they use a pine stick. On one side, they put an owl for "Democrat," and, on the other a coon for "Whig;" and as every elector comes with a jack-knife, he notches knowingly on the side he wants to vote. In most parts of Berks county, they use beans. The small white are the Whigs; the speckled, green, white, and yellow, are for the Democrats; and black beans are allowed to the Abolitionists. After they are counted, the beans are put back, and remain for the next election for Governor. Then, as a Democrat or Whig dies, they take one out; or, as one comes of age, they put one in. They have one good rule there, which might be adopted elsewhere to advantage: they never allow a man to vote until he is married. This is under the supposition that he has little discretion until he gets it from his wife. By the same process of reasoning, they allow him to vote so soon as he has a wife—the fact of his marrying being taken as evidence that he has come to the use, if not years, of discretion. A minor marrying there is called "taking the beans." But Berks, like Saxon England, has common law usages peculiar to only certain districts.

THREE MAINE MEN DROWNED. We find in the Atlas of Friday, under the head of marine disasters, the following melancholy news—the drowning of three Maine men at Norfolk, Virginia.

Sch May Flower, Hupper, from Thomaston, arrived at Norfolk on the 30th ult, with twenty mechanics, to cut timber on York river. The Captain and ten other persons from the sch, took a small sail boat to go up from Hampton Roads to the city, and before leaving the Roads the boat was capsized, and we regret to state that John Alley, of St George, one of the crew, James Winchebach and Moses Lawrence, both of Warren, passengers, were drowned. Their bodies were recovered and carried into port for interment. An inquest was held, and a verdict of accidental drowning rendered.

NEWFOUNDLAND BURIAL SERVICE. We clip the following paragraph from the Bee's St. Johns (N. F.) correspondence, showing the manner in which the Newfoundlanders conduct their burials:

"The burial of the dead is conducted here in a manner which would appear odd in the United States. I am not aware of the style in which the clerical services are performed, but the processions to the grave are preceded by persons dressed in white robes, the coffin, which is painted white, is covered with a white pall, and the pall bearers wear long, white scarfs which flow from the hat nearly to the ground. There is something in this to me more pleasing than the "customary suit of black," which is universal in the United States, and I see not why quite as appropriate."

BROWNVILLE SLATE. The Portland Advertiser speaks very highly of the slate manufactured at Brownville, in this State. Most of the roofing of the extensive machine shop building just completed in that city, is of the Brownville slate, and the remainder is Welsh slate. The former is pronounced far superior to the latter, by the slaters and others who are well qualified to speak on the subject.

A part of the machinery of this new establishment in Portland, is in full blast, and the whole will be in operation very soon. The Advertiser states that the company have already orders for work to an amount above $75,000.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE. The Farmington Chronicle states that there were one hundred and eighty-four members in attendance, at the Teachers' Institute for Franklin County, held in that town. William B. Fowle, Esq., from Massachusetts, was Superintendent, assisted by A. H. Abbot, principal of Farmington Academy, A. B. Caswell, Esq., Rev. H. P. Torsey, of Me. Wesleyan Seminary, and O. L. Currier, Esq., member of the Board of Education for that county.

COINING MONEY. We see by the Boston papers that the receipts of the Boston and Maine Railroad, in September, over the same month last year, amount to the snug little sum of *eighteen thousand dollars*. We know not the whole amount of receipts for the month, but "reckon" it must have been a "heap" or so.

YOUNG MEN—ENTERPRISE.

The present age is characterised by enterprise and go-aheadativeness. Ignorance is now inexcusable. There are now comparatively none so poor that they cannot obtain knowledge. It is to be obtained on every side, and only needs seeking to procure it. Science holds out a beckoning hand, and offers to all the enjoyment of a rich reward who will pursue her pleasant paths. Literature holds forth an unfading laurel to all who are willing to take the pains to pluck it. The Book of Nature, as says a beautiful writer, "is unsealed, and all may luxuriate amidst her ten thousand beauties—cull her flowers—penetrate into her secret recesses—read her laws—compel her to yield up her treasures, to minister to the wants, the comforts, and the luxuries of man." These rich harvests are now placed within the reach of the humble as well as the affluent. The mechanic, the farmer, and the day-laborer may now luxuriate in these pleasures, which, but a few years since, were confined almost exclusively to a few. The time has come when a "learned blacksmith" is no longer the wonder of the world. It is no longer considered absurd for the farmer, the mechanic, or the day-laborer to discuss natural history, natural philosophy, or the science of government. All have been brought within his reach by the aid of the press. But we are still in the infancy of knowledge—the foundation has only been laid; and it is left with the present generation of young men to erect a temple dedicated to wisdom thereupon.

It is necessary, even with all the advantages of the present day,—with all the knowledge which has been given to us by the present as well as past ages,—that much application, study and reflection, should be performed. It is not enough that we find a great truth laid down in the books. It is capable of bringing forth other and hidden truths, which may be perhaps of vastly more importance to the world than those which suggested them. Knowledge is progressive. One truth lays the foundation for another and another. The world cannot remain stationary. It is either advancing in knowledge or receding. It needs energy and untiring application to make any considerable progress in any undertaking. Success is honorable only in proportion to the magnitude of the difficulties surmounted in its attainment. Enterprise is necessary in order to achieve any thing worthy of the attention of mankind.

Enterprise and public spirit are traits of character which no right thinking young man of the present generation would wish to be destitute. As has been said by another, "he cannot act well his part and suitably meet the responsibilities of a period like the present, if he do not attempt great things. Every thing about him is *advancing*. Would he be a farmer, he must now cultivate his grounds better than his fathers did—and conduct his business more systematically and scientifically. Or a mechanic, he must make better articles, giving them a higher finish, and keep his wits' ends at work that he may compete with his ingenious and *contriving* neighbors. Or a merchant, he will soon fall in the wake of his shrewd competitors, if he be not a man of general intelligence. Or a sailor, a teacher of youth, or a magistrate, he must know more of his calling, understand his duties better, and be at more pains to perform them. If a professional man, he must possess a higher grade of qualification, perform more duty, especially more intellectual labor, than has heretofore been required. For the world is becoming more intellectual, as well as more fastidious. Hence the young man, whatever be his calling, (for no trade or profession can honor *us* if we do not first honor it; and none dishonor us, if by vice or indolence we do not dishonor ourselves,) if he would act a part respectable to himself and useful to society, he will need a large share of *enterprise*."

It is expected of the rising generation that they will excel those of the past or present. They will commence where their fathers leave off. They can possess themselves of all the knowledge and advantages of the past and present age. The world is filled with books, with schools, and teachers, affording unlimited facilities for the acquisition of knowledge. The press also sends forth an immense amount of information, and at so small a price that it is within the reach of all. And it is also a medium through which all may be heard to an almost unlimited extent. The facilities of communication also are now made so cheap and rapid by the use of steam power to propel vessels and carriages, and electricity for transmitting all kinds of information, that although located thousands of miles distant from any particular point, still we may avail ourselves of their knowledge, with as much facility, comparatively speaking, as though they were our next door neighbors. "Onward, still onward."

A NEW PAPER. Our friend Edes issued the last of the Piscataquis Farmers on the 5th. He has also issued a prospectus for a new paper,—neutral in politics,—to be called the Piscataquis Observer, the first number of which is to make its appearance in a few weeks. Success attend him in his new undertaking.

REV. GEORGE BURGESS, D. D., of Hartford, Conn., who was, on October 4th, elected Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this State, was on Sunday, October 31st, consecrated to that office, and now resides in Gardiner, having become Rector of Christ Church in that town.

GRAND DIVISION S. OF T. OF MAINE.—This body met in this town on the 20th ult. There was a large number of members in attendance, and their deliberations were pleasant and harmonious. The following are the officers elected and installed for the current year: J. P. Weston, of Gardiner, G. W. P.—F. T. Wheeler, of Bangor, G. W. A.—J. H. Hartford, of Augusta, G. S.—A. K. P. Higgins, of Thomaston, G. T.—W. H. Weeks, of Unity, G. C.—P. C. Richmond, of Bath, G. Chaplain—L. C. Morgan, of Dexter, G. Sentinel.

ELECTIONS. The Whigs have carried the day in New York, electing all their state officers. In New Jersey the Democrats have elected their Governor, but the legislature is nearly two-thirds Whig.

FIRE IN STANDISH. The buildings in Standish, called the Bonny Eagle Mills, were consumed by fire on the night of the 30th ult. Loss estimated at $2,000.

RAILROAD EXCHANGE. A large and commodious building has been fitted up in Court Square, Boston, for a railroad exchange, which is to contain offices for the different expresses, and business offices connected with most of the railroads centering in Boston.

VEXATIONS.

That incorrigible wag of a preacher, Dow, Jr., of the Sunday Mercury, recently delivered a capital patent sermon, from *his* pulpit, on the vexations of life, taking the following lines for a text:

"Wexatious is the lot of all,
However 'gainst our will—
We've got to run the common chance,
While goin' through the mill."

He says this is thought to be a very "wexing world," and is so on account of its deceptions, disappointments, plagues, trifles, &c., "that keep one as constantly uneasy as a dog overrun with fleas." He thinks it foolish to yield to their puny molestations, and advises to carry a stiff upper lip and a stout heart. But we must give the reader a few detached paragraphs, which are in the author's own peculiar style. Here's a hit at a very numerous class:

"But every one seems to think that he is burdened with more than his share of sublunary trouble: he scratches a pimple till it becomes a sore—is frightened at his own shadow, in the pale moonlight of melancholy imagination—starts at the rustling of a leaf—and is deterred from moving onward by the apparitions of ill that stalk in the dull twilight of the future. Pooh! as well might a young and thriving grove become stunted through fear of premature age, because it contains a few white hares!"

He affirms, however, that there are many real vexations as well as imaginary ones, and goes on to say:

"Think how many times does a mortal, who lives out his three-score years and ten, stub his toes betwixt his cradle and his couch! How many times does he actually slip down, and rise again like Truth, without the aid of yeast! How many times does he bump his nose against some unforeseen obstacle, that seems to have been put purposely in his path! How often does he attempt to cross some grass-matted marsh, and finds too late that he has put his foot in it! How many respectable knocks and bruises is he honored with in jostling his way through the world!—and how much useless sweat oozes from his fevered brow, while he undertakes wonders and accomplishes nothing!"

We close our extracts with the following feelingly expressed views upon acknowledged feeling subjects—umbrellas, wives, boots, corns, &c.:

"My hearers—unfaithful umbrellas, like fickle wives, are great vexations: they don't pay for the trouble of looking after them. If, however, you intend to possess either, I advise you to pick out the worst-looking ones you can find; for then there is little danger of their ever being run away with. Corns, too, are great torments, and tight boots their aggravators. What can more annoy a poor pilgrim than those pedal pests, irritated to anger by the stinginess of Fashion! Oh! they bore gimlet-holes through one's very soul—shoot canubric needles into a man's heart—drive Peace from her warm nest, while Patience puts on her bonnet and goes off holding her breath for spite! Then, when you have your corns trodden upon—as you must expect they will be, many a time and oft, ere you go to your graves—oh! then don't you squirm like a half-skinned eel!—dance about like a pea upon a hot shovel! and cramp up and grin like a baboon with a high-pressure belly-ache! Yes, dear brethren, you needn't think of getting through this crowding and crowded world without having your corns trodden upon more than once: so you must make up your minds to stand each rub with the fortitude of a philosopher chiselled out of marble, and continue to hope for better luck to come. Hide your griefs beneath your breakfast—cover your sorrows with wreaths of rosy smiles—keep your ills concealed in some dark corner of the heart—whistle like a plough-boy going home to dinner—and you will escape a thousand paltry vexations, that would otherwise be down upon you like a regiment of crows upon a yellow dog."

BURY THE WIRES. The wires of the Electric telegraph, in London, are buried in the earth, being enclosed in tubes. This is a more expensive method than putting them on poles, but much more safe.

GROWTH OF OREGON CITY. Oregon city now contains ten thousand inhabitants and is becoming a right smart chance for yankees to trade in.

BIG TUNNEL FINISHED. They have been employed for the last five years making a tunnel through the mountain on which the town of Weiburg, in the Dutchy of Nassau, is situated. The object of it is to improve the navigation of the river Lahn. It is to be lighted with gas, and requiring 2000 lamps or burners, which are to be kept burning all the time.

INCREASE OF QUIDS. The increase of tobacco culture in Algeria is quite encouraging to smokers and chewers. The crop this year amounts to 300 tons and over.

A PRIEST SUMMONED BEFORE THE GRAND JURY. Not long since the office of Mr. H. G. Hutton, of Baltimore, was robbed and set on fire. Subsequently the property was returned to Mr. H. by a Catholic priest, who obtained it through the confessional. The Grand Jury have summoned the priest to divulge the name; and much curiosity is excited as to the result.

DEATH OF SENATOR HUNTINGTON. Hon. Jabez W. Huntington, Senator in Congress from Connecticut, died on Tuesday of last week, at his residence in Norwich.

SERVED 'EM RIGHT. Some light fingered lonfers were fined five dollars not long since in the Lowell police court, for stealing fruit from Dr. Hildreth, of Dracut.

AMOUNT OF RAILROADS. Within seventeen years five thousand seven hundred and forty miles of railroad have been built in the United States, which cost over one hundred and twenty-two millions of dollars, and the average income makes a very satisfactory income from the investment.

ANOTHER PLANET WANTED. It is said among the knowing ones who have gone into exact calculations of the movements of Leverier's new planet, called Neptune, that its presence does not account for the disturbances of Herschell in its orbit, and that it is necessary to have some other big body somewhere in the way to lay Herschell's wanderings. He will probably shew himself ere long.

AMERICAN TEA. The United States Secretary of State has received from our Consul at St. Catharine's, Brazil, a package of tea raised in that country. It partakes of the characters of the black and green teas. Tea will probably succeed well if cultivated in the southern parts of the Union.

SINGULAR BOOKS. Bremner, in his excursions in Russia, says, that caravans from the hitherto unexplored parts of Tartary, occasionally visit the English possessions in Judea, and have lately brought down some strange books. They are in bindings an inch thick, and are written in a character altogether unknown in other parts of the East.

INSPECTOR OF HOPS. Gideon Ellis, Esq., of Canton, has been appointed Inspector of Hops, in Oxford county.

KENNEBEC TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

We clip the following paragraphs from a lengthy article in the Hallowell Gazette:

The teachers of common schools in Kennebec County assembled in this town on Monday last in large numbers. But little was done on Monday, except to organize, give in their names, residence and number of months' experience in school teaching. William D. Fowle, Esq. of Boston, is the principal, assisted by William H. Seavey of this town.—The whole number of teachers in attendance is 187, of whom 103 are females, and 84 males.

Tuesday morning, a lesson was given in reading by Mr. Fowle—afterwards a lesson in arithmetic by Mr. Seavey; and then Mr F. gave out grammatical exercises for such of the members of the Institute to write on slips of paper, which he afterwards corrected. In the afternoon, the exercises were similar to those of the forenoon. In the evening, the lecturer expected not arriving, a lecture was delivered by Mr. Fowle on the general duties of teachers in the management of schools.

Wednesday morning, Mr. Fowle, after a lesson in reading the Bible, gave exercises in adding, after which a lesson in music was given by Mr. Fitz, and was followed by a further lesson in arithmetic by Mr. Seavey. Afternoon, a lesson in reading by Mr. Fowle, music and arithmetic as in the forenoon. In the evening, a lecture was delivered by Mr. Snell, principal of Monmouth Academy, which was well written and well delivered. Its subject was the development and cultivation of the intellectual powers.

Thursday morning, further exercises in adding, and hints on the management of classes by monitors during the temporary absence of the teacher, by Mr. Fowle. Dr. Rawson of Massachusetts then gave an interesting lecture on Physiology, noticing some of the most common violations of the laws of nature, and the consequences flowing from them, and illustrating the whole by a human skeleton. Afternoon, Mr. Fowle gave a lesson in spelling, Mr. Seavey in arithmetic, followed by music and reading. In the evening, a lecture was delivered by Mr. Southworth, principal of Litchfield Academy, on the culture of the moral powers. The lecture was an able, sound and instructive performance, and we trust will not be forgotten by those who heard it.

The members of the Institute appear to be thus far highly gratified with the exercises for the most part, and anticipating great and lasting benefits from them. Although in so large a number, there is not an opportunity for bringing instruction home to every individual in all cases, and constantly subjecting his or her attainments to the test of a thorough drill, yet such subjects are taken up, and in such a manner, as to reveal to every individual teacher his or her own deficiences, which is the first step towards applying the proper remedies. The most of them will undoubtedly go home with a determination, as Mr. Fowle suggested, not to be caught so again; and knowing where the difficulty is, they will soon be able to remove it.

The Institute has been enlivened by music every day, and since the arrival of Mr. Fitz the members have had lessons in singing, which have already convinced many who had made up their minds that they could never learn music, that they were mistaken. In this respect, much good will arise, for they will go home to their district schools, and introduce singing there, and the children all through the country will be more or less benefited.

The lectures and instructions of Mr. Fowle have given great satisfaction, although with regard to some of the opinions and views advanced by him, some may differ; but this is to be expected in all cases. Mr. F.'s long experience and familiarity with the subjects give great value to his labors. Mr. Seavey has thus far given his part of the time exclusively to arithmetic. His illustrations and demonstrations of arithmetical rules and principles are in general very clear, and calculated to be highly useful.

A BOOK FOR THE CHILDREN. There is a very interesting and instructive work published once a month by Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols, of Boston, called the "Playmate, a pleasant companion for spare hours." It contains original Tales, Stories and Ballads, Fables, Historical Anecdotes, Poetry and readings in Natural History. Each part is illustrated with from twelve to twenty wood cuts from drawings by eminent Artists. The numbers contain from thirty to forty pages, and can be had for one dollar a year. We have examined the work, and do not hesitate to recommend it as a useful work for children. E. Fenno is agent for it, and will be very happy to shew it to you whenever you call to see it.

TURPENTINE DISTILLERY. We are told that the Cascade Company, in Hallowell, are fitting up a distillery for the purpose of manufacturing spirits of turpentine.

FANCY LAWNS. The Portsmouth (N. H.) Steam Mills Co. are about creating a large finishing establishment for their fancy lawns.

ROXBURY CARPET FACTORY. Messrs. H. Pettes & Co., the great carpet merchants of Boston, have purchased the carpet factory in Roxbury, and added a large quantity of new machinery. This is now the largest carpet factory in Massachusetts, except one at Lowell.

BROTHERLY ORDINATION. Rev. Jeremiah Taylor was lately ordained as pastor of the Congregational church, in Wenham, Ms. His brothers Rev. O. A. Taylor, of Manchester, preached the sermon, Rufus A. Taylor, of Shrewsbury, N. J., gave the right hand of fellowship, and Timothy Taylor, of Slatersville, R. I., gave the address to the people. Quite a ministerial family, and each one from a different state.

MISSIONARY TO AFRICA. Rev. David Rood was ordained last month at Plainfield, as a missionary to the Zulus of South Africa.

A NEW PAPER TO COME. The Saturday Courier says that a new comic paper is forthcoming in January next—the *product* of the wags of Philadelphia and New York, to be called the John Donkey. Its braying will probably demonstrate its paternity.

AN INDIAN SUMMER. The first week in November was the warmest and most pleasant that was ever known by that worthy gentleman "the oldest man among us." The frogs didn't peep, but we saw one looking out of a puddle in great surprise, very much in doubt whether to open his pipes or dive down and go to sleep again.

THANKSGIVING. The following States hold their thanksgiving on the 25th inst. Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Missouri.

LARGE PUMPKIN. Mr. Seth Greenleaf, of Mercer, raised upon his farm, this season, a pumpkin which weighed fifty-two pounds.

FATAL ACCIDENT. On Friday of last week, Mr. Joseph H. Stevens, of Waterville, while engaged in blowing rocks on the land of Joseph Mitchell, was killed by the premature discharge of a blast of powder. He survived about eight hours after the accident, but never spoke. He was a man of excellent character, industrious and upright, about 30 years old, and had been married about seven months. On Wednesday, he attended a wedding of his wife's sister and had a most happy time; on Friday he was a corpse, and the joy of a large circle was turned to mourning. His loss is most deeply regretted by all who knew him. [Journal.

TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT!

SEVEN MEN KILLED! We take the following sad news from the Boston Daily Bee of Monday. The bodies of the killed were buried on Sunday.

"One of the most melancholy accidents which ever occurred in our vicinity, took place on Saturday afternoon, about 2 o'clock, on the Worcester Railroad, near where it crosses the Mill Dam. The first rumor was to the effect that fifty men had been killed, and, as may be supposed, the excitement throughout the city was intense.

The accident occurred to the train from Springfield, due at 2 o'clock, P. M.—and after many inquiries, we are enabled to give the following particulars:

When the train had passed the ship-yard bridge, about half a mile from the scene of the fatal catastrophe, the cross-bar connecting the brakes of the "second-class" car, from some cause, yet unexplained, gave way. The car belonged to the Western Railroad, and was not provided, like the Worcester cars, with safety chains, so that when the cross-bar gave way, it fell upon the rails directly in front of the car, which was in consequence thrown off the rails, and in this situation was dragged about thirty rods without any injury, however, as the grading is but a few inches below the surface of the rails. When the car reached the bridge, a little to the northward of the mill-dam, the wheels (not having any grading to run upon) fell down upon the sleepers, and, as the car was drawn along, the wheels were forced through the bottom of the car. The engineer, not being aware that any thing unusual had occurred, did not slacken his speed, and as the car was dragged along, jumping from sleeper to sleeper, the fragments flying in all directions, the destruction was really terrific. A portion of the car was somewhat below the level of the bument, upon striking which it can be readily imagined that the car was totally demolished.

It is said that some of the passengers were killed in the car by being struck with the fragments of the car and the wheels; others fell through upon the track, and there met their death.

A little distance back another person was found in a dying situation. Whether he was standing on the track and was struck by the cars and killed in this way, or was on the car and jumped therefrom when it was first thrown form the track, is unknown. He is not known to have been in the car. He survived but a few minutes after he was discovered.

It was stated that one of the persons killed was George Frye, of Newburyport, Mass. or Portsmouth, N. H. So strongly impressed was one gentleman with this belief, that he proceeded to Newburyport yesterday. Another one of the killed was said to be Richard Warren, of Jefferson, Me. It should be remembered that those killed were so much mutilated and disfigured, that their recognition was almost impossible.

There were eighteen persons in the car.—Six were killed outright, their bodies being mangled in a manner shocking to behold. Three were wounded: a woman who was conveyed to the hospital, and two men, one of whom received a severe contusion on the head. Nine escaped without injury.

Neither the engine of the first class passenger cars received any injury,—not being thrown from the track. It was manifest to the conductor that there was trouble somewhere, and he urged on the passengers the necessity of keeping their seats, and not peril their lives by jumping from the cars.

It is said that the engineer was not to blame. Probably not. But yet we are inclined to think that blame must attach somewhere.—Where? We shall perhaps never know.—Was the car rigged with safety chains? Was it altogether suitable for the conveyance of passengers? Or was it, as one person remarked, "fit only for 'second class' passengers."

LATEST FROM MEXICO.

Tuesday's mail brought us but little additional news from the seat of war. The following is the latest. Important news is expected from Gen. Scott, in a few days.

Dr. Galven, direct from the Capital, arrived at Vera Cruz on the 18th; he entered Guamatta on the 11th, and learned that Gen. Lane entered that place so suddenly that Santa Anna barely escaped.

About a dozen of Hays' Rangers encountered some two hundred guerillas on the 18th, towards Santa Fe, but soon put them to flight with Colt's revolvers.

Matamoras papers of the 16th say Col. Randall safely deposited government moneys at Monterey.

The road between Camargo and Monterey was undisturbed.

Letters from Gen. Wool's quarters, Buena Vista, to the 4th, contain no news.

Mr. Tisdale was accidentally killed at Saltillo, on the 31st ult.

There was a report at Matamoras of the capture of the Army Mail, by the Mexicans, at Papa Galos, with important letters.

Gen. Rea left Puebla with a large force and was nearing Gen. Lane by rapid marches, but no fears of the latter's safety were entertained, or of his being prevented from joining Gen. Scott.

General Patterson was expected to leave Vera Cruz on the 23d.

THE WATERVILLE MURDER. We clip the following from last week's Yankee Blade:

"It will be remembered that in the first accounts published respecting the murder of Mr. Mathews at Waterville, a statement of Dr. Cooledge was embodied to the effect that he wanted money to send to Dr. J. F. Potter at Cincinnati to enable him to prosecute certain speculations of his to advantage. This assertion has subsequently been proved to be false, and the following letter, written by Dr. Potter, contains an emphatic denial of the statement. Though probably not intended for publication, we have thought it best to lay it before our readers, as an act of justice

Foreign News.

[From the Boston Bee of Saturday.]

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

Twelve days later from Europe.—More failures—Commercial embarrassment.

The steamship Caledonia, Capt. Lott, from Liverpool Oct. 19, was signalized at half past twelve o'clock yesterday, and arrived at her berth at the Cunard wharf, East Boston, at half past two.

The Commercial news is highly important. Confidence in every branch of trade seems extinct.

The money market continues in a very depressed state.

Ireland is again the scene of agrarian outrage and murder.

In Liverpool on the 18th October, the utmost consternation was created by a public notice from the Directors of the Royal Bank of Liverpool to the effect "that, owing to the extraordinary pressure of the times, they conceived it to be the interest of all concerned to suspend the operations of the Bank, until the result of the proceedings of a deputation now in London could be ascertained." The above was posted on the Bank, which was established in 1837, has a numerous and opulent joint-stock propriety of about 200 persons, holding 1300 one thousand pound shares, of which £500 is paid up, amounting to about £646,000. At the last annual meeting, the concern had a reserve fund of £100,000, and a contingent fund of £30,000. The stoppage threw the whole business of the town into confusion; and the Mayor, Mr. Brown, M. P., and other gentlemen, proceeded to London, with a view to solicit the Government to interfere for the relief of the entire mercantile and banking community, throughout which the distress has now so fearfully extended.

The deputation returned to Liverpool, having failed to make a favorable impression upon the Directors of the Bank of England.

COMMERCIAL. The following abstract is from the European Times of the 19th ult.

Since our publication of the 5th inst., up to the present moment, the commercial distress described in our last number, has gone on increasing—each day discloses the fact of some widely spread mercantile disaster; and it is most difficult, amidst the general gloom which prevails, to discover any mode by which we shall get speedily extricated from the difficulties which surround us. In Liverpool, consequent upon the failure of the Royal Bank yesterday, distrust prevails to such a fearful extent, that business is paralized, and no sales of any kind of produce can be effected on our quoted terms, or without a considerable reduction from them. In the manufacturing districts a general stoppage of the mills is threatened; and the very great decline in the revenue for the last quarter, indicates that a change is coming over the condition of the people, which cannot but influence the future consumption of articles of luxury and necessity.

Participating in the general gloom which pervades all other branches of trade, our Cotton market during the past fortnight, has been very dull and languid. Hardly anything was bought on speculation, and very little taken for export. The trade of course limited their operations to immediate wants, so that the sales since the 5th inst. are of small amount. In the general stagnation of trade, and the adoption of "short time" in the manufacturing districts, combined with the severe money pressure, prices have given way, so that during the fortnight we have to note a decline of 3-8d to 5-8d on American; Brazil, 1-4d to 3-8d; Egyptian, 3-8d to 5-8d per lb. Those were the closing quotations of last week; whilst yesterday the sales, which however were only 1200 bags, were made at a further decline of 1-4d to 5-8d below Friday's prices.

In a second edition of our paper published for the Cambria on the 5th inst., we announced a rise in the price of Wheat and Flour at the Liverpool Corn Exchange on that day. The advance, however, was not sustained. On the next market day at Mark-lane, London, prices had a downward tendency. Since that date, large arrivals of foreign corn, and the depressed state of the money market, have thrown a gloom over the London and Liverpool Corn Exchange, and prices have fallen to and below the currency noted in our last. Yesterday, at Mark-lane, the previous prices of last week were asked, but before sales could be effected a decline of from 2s to 3s per quarter was submitted to by the sellers. Foreign Wheat was difficult of sale; the finer sorts brought last week's prices, but the inferior descriptions were unsaleable. The millers fixed the top price of Flour at 46s per sack. American Flour was about 1s per barrel cheaper than the previous week. The quotation for American Flour in Liverpool is 24s 6d to 26s 6d. The accounts from the Lincoln and Hull markets, received at the moment of going to press, report a decline of 2s and 3s per quarter.

For cured Provisions the demand, both at Liverpool and in London, has fallen off; at the same time prices are generally sustained. We note the price of Bacon at 25s to 56s, according to description and quality. Beef is in limited sale.

The Wool trade is quite neglected.

The Sugar market since our report of the 5th inst. has been affected concurrently with other branches of trade.

Coffee has participated in the depression of other produce.

The Indigo sales commenced on the 12th instant, under most inauspicious circumstances.

Tea has experienced a decline.

Business in the manufacturing districts is completely paralized; nor do we see any prospect of immediate relief.

The following list of failures we find in Willmer & Smith's European Times:

E. & J. Andrews, calico printers, Manchester; Barclay, Brothers & Co., merchants, London; F. Barnes & Co., hardwaremen, London, Birmingham and Sheffield; E. Bernouilli, merchant, London; Bradley & Parker, stock brokers, Manchester; Brown, Todd & Co., provision merchants, Liverpool; W. T. Clagett, American merchant, London; P. Cornthwaite, wholesale grocer, Liverpool; De Jersey & Co., merchants, Manchester; Geisler, Weber & Co., merchants, Manchester; S. J. Hadlow, Stock Exchange, London; James Howell & Co., warehousemen, London; James, Nephew & Co., merchants, Manchester; Henry Knapp, banker, Abingdon; Legrelle & Co., bankers, Brussels; A. Mitchell & Co., American merchants, Liverpool; Mocatta & Son, merchants, do.; S. & J. L. Mocatta, W. I. merchants, do.; J. & W. Morley, warehousemen, London; Thos. Murphy, provision merchant, Waterford; William Nash, Manchester warehouseman, London; R. R. Oakley, Stock Exchange, London; Oldham Joint Stock Banking Company, Oldham; W. Pearce & Co., merchants, Liverpool; Pehmoller & Tollens, merchants, Hamburgh; L. Phillips & Sons, East India merchants, London; Platt, Hammill & Co., East India merchants, Liverpool; Rickards, Little & Co., merchants, London; Rosing & Co., merchants, Bremen; Royal Bank, Liverpool; M. J. Soares, Portuguese merchant, London; M. Steele & Son, soap manufacturers, Liverpool; M. S. Synnot, ship-owner, Liverpool; Messrs. Southam, cotton spinners, Ashton-under-Lyne; T. R. Tebbutt, soap-boiler, Manchester; J. Thomas, Son & Lefevre, merchants, London; F. l. Vauzeller, Portuguese merchant, London; White & Co., timber and corn merchants, Waterford; A. & J. Wingate, calico printers, Glasgow; Whittenstein & Co., spinners, Burman, near Eberfield.

In a Postscript dated 19th October, 1 o'clock P. M., the European Times says:

LIVERPOOL EXCHANGE NEWS. Throughout the morning commercial affairs here wear a still more gloomy aspect; the Banks continue to be pressed for money. Produce of every description is falling in prices, and to-day it is quite impossible to affix quotations on commercial produce.

LIVERPOOL CORN MARKET. We had a large attendance of millers from the country, at to-day's market. We were disappointed at finding so small a show of the finer qualities of wheat and Flour, the value of which is pretty well maintained; but the lower descriptions are offered at a decline of 4d. to 6d. per bushel for wheat and 2s. per barrel for Flour. Indian corn is also 2s. per quarter lower. Our quotations to-day are—for the best Western Canal Flour, 26s. 6d.; American wheat, 6s. 9d. to 8s.; Indian Corn, 26s. to 32s. per quarter.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET. The Cotton Market, up to one o'clock, is at a complete stand; there are abundant sellers but no buyers. The staple could be purchased to-day at a greatly reduced price on yesterday's quotations.

FRANCE. The government having given permission for Prince Jerome Bonaparte, with his family, to reside in France, he has arrived in Paris after an exile of 32 years.

SPAIN. A telegraphic message has reached Paris to the effect that a complete reconciliation has taken place between the Queen and the King of Spain. The King goes to live in the palace with the Queen.

SWITZERLAND. The accounts from Switzerland are daily contradictory. On one day it is said that actual war is about to break out, whilst the next, the indications are more pacific. According to the calculations of the Radicals, the Sonderbund has only 81,823 men and 119 guns to oppose to 96,993 men and 278 guns.

ITALY. The Austrians gave up Ferrera on the 3d inst., to the Pontificial troops. His Holiness tried, without effect, mild and conciliating remonstrances to induce the Austrian cabinet to withdraw the troops. He then, it is said, informed Count Lutzow, that if human means failed to enable him to preserve the trust which had been confided to him, he would have recourse to divine means. He would first address himself to the whole Christian world, and if after that, Austria should persist in keeping her troops in the city of Ferrera, he would be compelled to resort to excommunication. Before this threat Austria recoiled.

MISCELLANY. The Archbishop of Paris has just been named by the Pope, Count of the Holy Roman Empire.

The last accounts from Italy announce the abdication of the Duke of Lucca in favor of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The Bavarian Government is taking measures to contract a loan of 49,687,000 florins for railroads.

Parliament has been further prorogued till the 11th November.

A. M. Ledet, a Frenchman, ascended in a balloon on the 12th ult., in St. Petersburgh, and has not since been heard of. The balloon has been found on the lake Ladoga.

Letters from Venice bring the intelligence of the failure of three leading firms in the grain trade, of which it is feared that the liabilities are very considerable.

By a French steamer arrived from St. Thomas, accounts are received of the capture of four slave vessels.

The trials of the Poles and other persons implicated in last year's conspiracy have been resumed. Two have suffered death, twenty have been condemned to hard labor in the fortresses, while forty have been pardoned and set at liberty. Amongst the latter is the youthful Count Ney.

Private letters state that distress was making further progress among the trades of Paris. After nearly two years of uninterrupted drain of the savings banks, averaging at least £10,000 per week, the withdrawals from the Paris savings banks exceeded the lodgment on Monday last by nearly 150,000f.—£6000.

The Emperor of Russia has issued a decree ordering all the Jews in the empire either to beome members of one of the guilds of commerce, or burgesses of towns, or to become cultivators of the soil. Those who refuse to comply with this order are to be subjected to all the measures of repression which the Government may think proper to adopt.

A violent snow storm commenced at St. Peterburgh on the 2d, and continued with little interruption till the 5th. The mass of snow which fell, was immense.

A deputation of the Society of Friends is now in Dublin, negotiating for the purchase of waste land to the amount of £40,000, on the coast of Donegal, for the purpose of promoting an extensive lobster fishery.

MARITIME LAW AT HAMBURGH. On the 20th ult. the Hamburgh merchantman, the Independence, Capt. Schaecht, arrived at Hamburgh from New York. Among her crew, of thirty men, was a free negro named Prim, who was the butt of the sailors. They made him believe that the Captain intended to throw him overboard and leave him to be drowned. In spirit of revenge Prim got a hatchet, and stealing into the cabin during the night, struck the captain with it; but wounded him so slightly that he was able to get up, overpower the black, and have him pinioned and thrown into the pigstye, where he remained cramped up till the ship arrived in port, when Captain Schaecht delivered him up to justice, and prosecuted him for an attempt to murder. Prim, on the other hand, laid a complaint against the captain and crew for ill-treatment. The double trial came to a bearing on the 7th, the result of which was that Prim was sentenced to confinement with hard labor for 12 months, the captain to simple imprisonment for six months, and the crew to the like punishment for one, two, and three months, for promoting the animosity of Prim by their false representation.

PATROONING IN MAINE. We notice by the newspapers that an important land case is pending in the Supreme Court of the United States, which involves the fee and improvements of very extensive tracts of land in the central part of Maine, particularly in the valley of the Kennebec. The claim is by the heirs of certain noble blood of England, represented in the name of Henry Webster, who brings the action for the recovery of certain tracts granted originally by the Plymouth company. These lands, it is said, were never lawfully acquired by the present occupants, or their predecessors, but still belong to General John Davis of Washington, (formerly Spec. Davis, of Augusta,) as "citizen heir of the blood of Florentinus Vassal." The claim is for a tract five miles long by one wide in Pittston; another, fifteen miles long, and one wide, commencing on Kennebec river in Fairfield, embracing the great "Low Farm," and running through Smithfield and Mercer, to Sandy river; a tract of two miles in Bowdoin and Webster. Besides large tracts in Windsor and Alna. The suit is brought against Peter Cooper, of Pittston, who lives on the Pittston tract; and if decided against him will eject many occupants from all the above territory. There are at least twenty-five thousand acres of improved farming lands embraced in this claim, divided probably into something like five hundred farms, and there are doubtless, as many farmers with their families upon them. It will be a hard case, if they should all be ejected by the U. S. Court without a trial by jury. We are told that if decided against Cooper, the plaintiff will hold all the improvements—the laws creating possessory rights, and "betterments" being subsequent to the grant, and not being allowed an *expost facto* operation.

The case was laid before the District Court in Portland, lately, but the Judges, Woodbury and Ware, not being agreed, it was carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, where it will be decided by the full bench, as a law question, without a further jury trial. We think it becomes the occupants of those "Vassal Tracts" to look around them, and make common cause with Mr. Cooper in contending against the claims of foreigners to their lands and houses.

[Gospel Banner.

MURDER AT MADAWASKA. A man named Welch, a lumberer at Madawaska, had some cattle in his possession recently belonging to another, which he refused to give up, and a search warrant was obtained for the purpose of taking them away. Mr. Winslow, a deputy sheriff, and a young man named Douglass Bulloch, proceeded to execute the warrant, when they were fired upon by Welch, and Bulloch was almost instantly killed.

[Bath Tribune.

THE WAR NEWS.

The New Orleans papers of the 24th furnish still further details of the news from Mexico brought by the James L. Day.

There is nothing—not even a rumor—from Gen. Scott and his army.

A correspondence took place on the 25th of September, at Puebla, between Col. Childs and Santa Anna, as follows:

Communications between Gen. Santa Anna and Col. Childs, at Puebla.

HEADQUARTERS—MEXICAN ARMY.

I have taken possession of this city with the army under my command, for the purpose of operating upon the several points fortified and occupied by your Excellency, and also with the view of liberating its inhabitants from the domination of the forces of the United States, from whom they have already suffered too much. But before commencing any operations of a military character, I have considered it my duty to act in obedience to the impulses of humanity, and consequently request that your Excellency will please evacuate this city within a certain and peremptory space of time, it being known to you at the same time that you can depart with all the honors of war, either to form a junction with Gen. Scott, or the forces of your country at Perote, according as it best suits your pleasure.

But should this courteous request of mine be unheeded by your Excellency, then, although to me it is a painful alternative, I shall commence to assault your position, the consequence of which act will be felt by your garrison, because there exists in the vicinity of your Excellency an army of 8000 men, who are determined that the rights of their nation shall be maintained and respected.

God and Liberty. Headquarters in Puebla, September 25th, 1847.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

To Senor D. Thomas Childs, commander of the U. S. Army, situated in Loreto.

HEADQUARTERS, CITY OF PUEBLA, MEXICO, September 25, 1847.

To his Excellency, D. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, General-in-Chief of the Mexican Army in front of this city.

SIR—I had the honor of receiving, at 2 o'clock this afternoon, your excellency's letter of this date. In it you were pleased to notify me of the fact that you had taken possession of this city, for the purpose, as you declare, of restoring to the full enjoyment of their liberty, its citizens, who have hitherto suffered so much from the U. S. army. You likewise were pleased to offer certain stipulations to this garrison, provided it would, within a fixed time, abandon the point of defence which it now occupies. With regard to the assertion of your excellency, which implies that the inhabitants of Puebla have been maltreated by the U. S. troops, I wholly deny it.

On the contrary, I assure you that the property and privileges of all have been maintained and respected with the greatest scrupulousness; indeed, so much so has it been done, that its parallel cannot be found in the annals of war. And I would most willingly leave it to the most intelligent and impartial portion of the population of the city to decide, from which of the two contending parties they have received the most injury and molestation; whether it is from their own countrymen or the troops of the United States.

With regard to that particular part of your excellency's letter which demands the surrender, within a fixed time, of all the positions now occupied by the troops under my command, I can only say in reply, that having been honored with the duty of guarding and protecting them, it is equally my greatest wish and paramount obligation to preserve them to the last; and I am fully satisfied that I shall be able to defend them successfully, inasmuch as I have at my disposal all the resources essential to its full and complete accomplishment.

With considerations in the highest degree respectful, I have the honor to be your excellency's most obedient servant.

THOMAS CHILDS, *Col. U. S. Army, Civil and Military Governor.*

On the evening of the 28th the Mexicans opened a heavy cannonade, from three different points, on the American works. The fire was returned with shot, bombs and grenades, which fell into the interior of the city, doing considerable injury. After about three hours, the firing ceased; but was renewed again the next morning; and did not entirely cease until the 2d of Oct., after Santa Anna had left the city. Don Marino del Rio, while standing on the balcony of his house with his wife, was struck dead by a cannon shot. A cotton storehouse, with its contents, was burned, and 200 bales of cotton were also burned in the convent of Santo Domingo.

The Genius of Liberty of the 13th of Oct. announces the safe return to Puebla, of Capt. G. White, of the Louisiana battalion, with his company, who had been escorting a train to the National Bridge. He reports that all was quiet in that neighborhood, and that the American force was strongly fortified and well prepared to receive and repel all attacks. He encountered no guerrillas on the route.

A new vice Governor has been nominated in the state of Vera Cruz, who, it is thought will give a new impetus to the warlike operations of the state against the invaders. Letters from the interior say that General Santa Anna, is making his way toward Guatemala, for the purpose of leaving the Republic of Mexico forever; and that his march to Oaxaca is only a pretext to the quiet accomplishment of his designs. It is even reported that Gen. Scott has furnished him with a passport from Vera Cruz. But this whole story is denied by the Vox de la Patria, a Mexican paper, which declares that his excellency is determined to continue the war, without respite.

The Arco Iris mentions a rumor that the Mexicans of the interior are now inclined to peace on any terms; but discredits the rumor.

The Genius of Liberty of the 15th of Oct., gives an account of some recent expeditions against the Guerrillas; in the course of which several parties were attacked, and a number of guerrillas killed; considerable quantities of arms, ammunition and clothing, found in ranchos occupied by them, were also captured or destroyed.

By the arrival of the Fanny, at New Orleans from Vera Cruz the 14th, the Picayune of the 23d has a few additional particulars.

The ship Monterey arrived on the 12th at Vera Cruz, from New York, with government stores and U. S. Marines.

The Arco Iris reports that Gen. Herrera has an army of 10,000 men at Queretaro, composed of the National Guard who are represented as much better men than any preceding force raised.

Bitter complaints are made of the outrages of the guerrillas upon their own countrymen. The Mexicans of any substance are thoroughly sick of guerrilla warfare already.

A letter from Vera Cruz, the 11th of October, says:

The Texas Rangers and the other troops continue to arrive daily, and we may look for a very pretty reinforcement for Gen. Scott in Gen. Patterson's command, which will probably leave sometime during the week for the capital. As soon as this command shall have arrived at the capital, I think we may look for a train from Mexico with the convalescent wounded and discharged soldiers, as well as a mail from the army, a thing which we have not had since Gen. Scott left Jalapa.

The vomito had again appeared at Vera Cruz, but was mild and chiefly confined to new-comers. The Northers had partially subsided, and a large number of steamers had put to sea.

Commodore Perry had taken up his quarters on shore. Col. Wilson, who has been quite sick, has entirely recovered and again entered upon the duties of his station.

[Traveller.

NOT BAD. A friend writes us from East Machias that he went to attend the dedication of a Roman Catholic Church in that place the other day. The interior of the building was crowded—a capital sermon was preached—and every-body was waiting for the ceremonies of the dedication, when the officiating priest quietly remarked, that having heard that the building was unpaid for by the congregation, he could not in conscience dedicate it—"he could not give from them to God what was not theirs to render. When the church legally belonged to them, he would with pleasure be the medium of presenting it to Heaven." An example this, not unworthy of being followed by Protestants.

MARKETS.

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.

ASHES, per 100 lbs.		PROVISIONS,	
Pot,	4 @ 6	Pork, round hogs,	
BEANS,			7 @ 8
White,	1 00 @ 1 25	Clear salt do.	11 @ 12½
Pea,	1 25 @ 1 50	Beef, ox,	5 00 @ 5 50
FLOUR,	7 00 @ 8 00	do. cow,	4 25 @ 5 00
GRAIN,		Butter,	15 @ 18
Corn,	85 @ 95	Lard,	11 @ 12
Oats,	42 @ 45	Cheese,	7 @ 9
Wheat,	1 10 @ 1 25	Mutton,	4 @ 5
Rye,	1 00 @ 1 25	Chickens,	7 @ 8
Barley,	50 @ 60	Geese,	4 @ 5
Peas, field,	1 00 @ 1 05	Eggs,	15 @ 17
HAY, loose,	7 50 @ 9 00	Apples, dried,	6 @ 5
SEED,		do. cooking,	25 @ 35
Clover,	8 @ 9	do. winter,	00 @ 0 00
Flax seed,	1 00 @ 1 00	Potatoes,	35 @ 50
H. Grass,	3 00 @	MEAL,	
Red top,	50 @ 1 00	Indian,	@ 1 00
PLASTER PARIS,		Rye,	00 @ 1 25
Per ton,	0 00 @ 6 00	WOOL,	
LIME,		Fleece,	25 @ 30
Thomaston, new ins.		Pulled,	22 @ 26
	90 @ 90	Woolskins,	30 @ 50

BOSTON MARKET, Nov. 8.

FLOUR.—Genesee, common brands, is quick at $6,90; Ohio and Michigan, $6,81 @ $6,87½, cash.

GRAIN.—Sales of yellow flat at 84 @ 85c; round yellow at 90c; white and western, mixed, 89 @ 82c. Northern oats, 54c; Eastern do, 50c, cash.

HAY.—Country Hay, per 100 lbs., 85 @ 95c; Screwed Hay, per cargo and ton, $15,00 @ $15,50; at retail, per hundred, 75 @ 80c.

WOOL.—American full blood,	40 @ 42½
¾	35 @ 37½
½	35 @ 37½
¼	30 @ 32
Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, ℔	47 @ 50
Smyrna, washed,	18 @ 21
unwashed,	10 @ 14
Buenos Ayres,	12 @ 15
Pulled wool, Northern superfine Lambs'	35 @ 37½
No. 1, Lambs'	30 @ 32
No. 2,	18 @ 20
No. 3,	09 @ 12

BRIGHTON MARKET, Nov. 1.

At Market, 3250 Beef Cattle, 900 Stores, 6500 Sheep, and 3275 Swine

BEEF CATTLE.—We reduce our quotations to conform to sales—extra $6,25 @ $6,30; first quality $5,50; second $5,25 @ $5,50; third $4,00 @ 4,50.

STORES.—Two years old, $12 @ $18; three years old, $22 @ $35.

SHEEP.—Sales quick at $1,62, $1,75, $2,50 and $3,00.

SWINE.—Old hogs 5½c; ordinary 5c; Shoats to peddle 4½c; several small lots to close, 4¼. At retail from 5 to 6c.

☞ We know of no Medicine so deserving of the confidence of the public, as Dr. Sherman's Olosaonian, or All Healing Balsam. It has stood the test of experience, having been used in private practice for more than fifteen years past, and has effected more cures in apparently hopeless cases of pulmonary diseases, than any other medicine that has ever been discovered. It has been given under the inspection of physicians, in the public institutions of the city of New York, and has been found to answer the purpose for which it was intended, viz: to cure diseases. It has been used by the young and the old, and all who have ever tried it tell but one story concerning its effects We have before us the testimony of New York editors, not only given publicly in their papers, but their own cases are related, together with what they have witnessed. We have no reason to doubt the veracity of their statements. They have been cured of long continued and harrassing coughs by its use, and have seen asthma of the most discouraging kind yield quickly to its influence. Even consumption in its terrible form, has given way under its use. With this mass of testimony before us, we cannot refrain from recommending it as a most valuable remedy. Consumptive reader, whoever you may be, try it; it will not hurt you; it may prolong your days. Or, if you are afflicted with asthma, we assure you that you can find no remedy like it.

☞ Sold at 25 cents a bottle, enough to take three days, and at a bottle, with a pamphlet of testimony, &c.

Sold by J. E. LADD, Augusta; H. J. Selden & Co., Hallowell; A. T. Perkins, Gardiner; Stanley & Prince, Winthrop; by one agent in every town in N. E. States. 30

Hymeneal.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

In this town, 3d instant, by Rev. Mr. Burgess, Mr. Henry Sewall to Miss Harriet V. Smith.

In Thompson, Conn., 26th ult., Mr. Horace C. Thayer to Miss Betsey N. Whitehouse, both of this town.

In Hallowell, Mr. M. Rollins of Appleton, to Miss Persis Hunt.

In Waldoboro', Mr. Asa W. Winslow to Miss Mary C. Kaler.

In Bath, Mr. George H. Parshley to Miss Eveline A. Clark.

In Brunswick, Mr. Ira L. Hale to Miss Ann E. Richardson.

In Topsham, Mr. Thomas M. L. Parker of Lisbon, to Miss Caroline S. Higgins.

In Norridgewock, Mr. Simon Taylor to Miss Martha Rogers.

In Orrington, Capt. George F. Pierce to Miss Lucy A. Eldridge; Mr. Lewis W. Downs to Miss Mary E. Wheelden.

In Foxcroft, Mr. Edward H. Treat of Enfield, to Miss Rebecca Tower.

In Eastport, Mr. Fergus Potter to Miss Elizabeth Appleby; Mr. W. H. Finch to Miss Louisa Marsh.

In Saco, Mr. Andrew B. Tibbetts to Miss Jane H. Foss.

In Moscow, by J. D. Hill, Esq., Mr. Royal Rooch to Mrs. Sylvia Whitcomb of Hampden.

In West Cambridge, Mass., Mr. Joseph T. Kidder, formerly of Norridgewock, to Miss Pamelia Locke.

In Ellsworth, Mr. Richard Perkins, Jr., to Miss Louisa York.

Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

In Vienna, on the 29th ult., Isaac N. Whittier, aged 38.

At sea, about Oct. 20, Capt. Moses Norton of Addison Point. They were becalmed near Nantucket in a fog—he went with two seamen in a boat to the shore—they got among the breakers, the boat was stove, and he and one seaman were drowned.

In Readfield, Phebe, wife of James Moores, aged 87.

In Belgrade, Isaac Goodridge, aged 96.

In Providence, R. I., Aug. 15, Caroline Goodridge of Belgrade, aged 21.

In Monroe, Sarah, wife of Rev. Mark L. Chase, aged 43.

In Dixmont, James McDonough, aged 61.

In Foxcroft, Ann, wife of Capt. George W. Goodwin, aged 40.

In South Dover, Sally, widow of the late Joseph M. Gerrish.

In Brighton, Elmira, wife of Israel S. Bigelow, Esq., of Mayfield, aged 38.

In Norridgewock, Wm. H. Harrison, child of Simeon Robbins, Esq., aged 7.

In Lowell, Mass., Abel Davis, formerly of Norridgewock, aged 19.

In Farmington, Mary F. Adams, aged 18.

In New Sharon, Eunice, daughter of John A. and Ruth Kennedy, aged 19.

In Calais, suddenly, Charlotee, wife of J. S. Pike, Esq., aged 37.

AUGUSTA MARINE LIST.

ARRIVED.

Nov. 3, Brig Packet, Leeman, Boston.
Schr. Alice, Talbot, Portland.
4, Atlantic, Preble, Boston.
Maine, Verrill, New York.
8, Billow, Parker, Gloucester.
Columbia, do. do.
Daniel P. King, Giles, Rockport.
Ariadne, Rowe, do.

CLEARED.

Nov. 3, Brig Packet, Leeman, Boston.
4, Sloop Eleanor, Bessee, Wareham.
5, Schr. Atlantic, Preble, Boston.

NOW IS YOUR TIME

TO BUY BOOTS & SHOES.

JONES & CO. being about to change their business, will sell their large Stock of Boots and Shoes at a handsome discount from former prices, and there is no mistake about it. Whoever wants any thing in the Shoe line had better call, and if they do not buy it shall not be because we will not sell cheap enough.

Also on hand a large lot of **Crockery Ware** of the latest style, which we will retail at Auction prices to close the concern. Call in and you wont be disappointed.

November 9, 1847. 3w45

N. B. On Saturday next, at 9 o'clock A. M., we shall sell at Auction, Crockery Ware in setts or lots to suit.

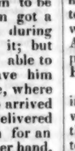
BUCKWHEAT.

S. PAGE & CO. have just received, direct from N. Y., a few bags new hulled BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, which will be sold low. *Hallowell.*

BOX and CASK RAISINS, new fruit; Citron, Currants and Spices of all kinds, for sale by
Hallowell, Nov., 1847. S. PAGE & CO.

PURE BLEACHED WINTER SPERM OIL, a very superior article, for sale low by S. PAGE & CO.
Hallowell, November, 1847. 45

No. 11. BOOTS & SHOES. No. 11.



THE subscribers take this method to tender their thanks to the public for their liberal patronage, and invite their attention to their Fall Stock of Ladies', Gent's, and Children's Fine BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS. Also, constantly on hand, Mens', Boys' and Children's THICK BOOTS, manufactured at Winthrop, expressly for our retail trade and WARRANTED, for sale at **No. 11 Arch Row**, third door North of Augusta Bank. CALL AND SEE. E. HASKELL & CO.
Augusta, Nov. 8, 1847. 45

Anatomy & Physiology for Common Schools.

THE "*First Book on Anatomy and Physiology*," for Schools and Families, by CALVIN CUTTER, M. D., embraces: 1—A description of the structure of the bones, muscles, teeth, digestive organs, lungs, heart, blood vessels, brain, nerves, eye, ear, &c., illustrated by 84 beautiful engravings. 2—It explains the uses of the several parts. 3—It contains ample suggestions for the preservation of health. 4—It gives full and clear directions for the treatment of accidental injuries, as, the recovery of persons apparently drowned, stopping of bleeding vessels, treatment of burns and wounds, &c. This makes it a valuable work for families as well as schools. This work is used in the schools of more than 100 towns in Massachusetts, and is recommended by superintendents of schools in thirty counties in the State of New York.

For sale by E. FERNO and D. C. STAREWOOD, Augusta; Sanborn & Carter, Portland; and B. B. MUSSEY & Co., Boston. ☞ *Price only* 38 CENTS. ☜ 45

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

BY License from the Hon. W. EMMONS, Judge of Probate, in and for the county of Kennebec, the subscriber will sell at Public Auction, on the premises, on the **8th day of December next,** at 10 o'clock A. M., so much of the Real Estate of DAVID SAWTELLE, late of Sidney, deceased, as will raise the sum of five hundred and seventy-five dollars, including the reversion of the widow's dower, if necessary. Also a Pew in the Methodist Meeting House in Winslow. HENRY B. BLACKMAN, *Adm'r.*
Sidney, November 8, 1847. 43

MARRIED,

In this town, 3d instant, by Rev. Mr. Burgess, Mr. Henry Sewall to Miss Harriet V. Smith.

In Thompson, Conn., 26th ult., Mr. Horace C. Thayer to Miss Betsey N. Whitehouse, both of this town.

In Hallowell, Mr. M. Rollins of Appleton, to Miss Persis Hunt.

In Waldoboro', Mr. Asa W. Winslow to Miss Mary C. Kaler.

In Bath, Mr. George H. Parshley to Miss Eveline A. Clark.

In Brunswick, Mr. Ira L. Hale to Miss Ann E. Richardson.

In Topsham, Mr. Thomas M. L. Parker of Lisbon, to Miss Caroline S. Higgins.

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In Saco, Mr. Andrew B. Tibbetts to Miss Jane H. Foss.

In Moscow, by J. D. Hill, Esq., Mr. Royal Rooch to Mrs. Sylvia Whitcomb of Hampden.

In West Cambridge, Mass., Mr. Joseph T. Kidder, formerly of Norridgewock, to Miss Pamelia Locke.

In Ellsworth, Mr. Richard Perkins, Jr., to Miss Louisa York.

RALPH BUTLER, JR.,

OFFERS FOR SALE AT THE GREEN STORE, opposite the Franklin House, a general assortment of

W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES,

Consisting in part of 100 bbls Genesee Flour from new wheat, 20 hhds Trinidad Molasses, 6000 lbs H. White and Brown Sugars, 2000 lbs P R Sugar of superior quality, 30 chests and packages of Tea, 60 qts of Cod and Pollock, 40 tubs of good family Butter, 1000 lbs Java, Rio and Porto Cabello Coffee, 10 bbls No. 1 Mackerel, clear and mess Pork; also, Jones', Grant's, Merrin's, Russell's, and Robinson's Tobacco.

N. B. Cash paid for Grass Seed and Lumber by November 9th, 1847. 45 R. B. JR.

EDWARD T. INGRAHAM,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Office No. 3 North's Block, Water Street.

DIAMONDS.—S. PAGE & CO. offer for sale a few superior Diamonds. 45 *Hallowell.*

NEW, RICH AND CHEAP GOODS,

Just rec'd at No. 1 North's Block, 4th door South of P. O.

W. J. KILBURN & CO., would respectfully inform their friends, customers, and citizens generally, that they have just received one of the *largest and most desirable stocks of*

DRY GOODS,

Ever brought to this market, which has been bought for CASH at *unprecedented low prices*, and will be sold accordingly. Their stock embraces every new and desirable style of *DRESS and CLOAK GOODS*, such as rich Cashmere Plaids, rich Thibet do; rich Cashmeres, from 20 to 45c; rich deLaines, from 1s to 25c; rich Thibet Cloths, all col's, from 90c to $1,25; new styles satin st'pd Alpacas; new styles plaid st'pd Alpacas; black do, from 1s to 2s 3d; do silk warp do, from 42 to 75c; do Lustre Cloth, new article; new and elegant styles Rich Roy Plaids; Gala do do.

PRINTS—the best assortment to be found.

SHAWLS.—All Wool Cashmere Shawls; Common do; Cashmere do; Plaid, long & do; Heavy Blanket do; Child's Plaid do.

Hosiery and Gloves in great variety. Rich Cashmere Scarfs; rich Woolen Hoods, for ladies and children; Linen Cambric Hdkfs, from 10 to 50c. They would particularly call attention to their large stock of

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, &c.

Pantaloon Stuffs of the latest importations and most fashionable styles. They have received a fresh supply of the *German and French Cloths and Doeskins*, warranted to wear black and glossy.

VESTINGS.—Rich styles of figured Satin, Silk, Cashmere and Velvet; Italian Cloth for Vesting.

Also, *Linens, Cottons, Flannels*, and in fact everything for *Ladies and Gentlemen's wear or HOUSE KEEPING*, thereby enabling customers to purchase all at one place and at a *low price*.

Domestic Flannels, Socks and Yarn, wanted in exchange for Goods. 3w44 Augusta, Nov. 8, '47.

HALL & TURNER would invite the attention of the public generally to their splendid assortment of *Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods.* 41

HALL & TURNER are receiving, *per schooner Chas. Henry*, a rich and choice selection of FAMILY GROCERIES. 41

SILK AND BULLION FRINGES, such as are spoken of, just rec'd and for sale by HALL & TURNER.

CHOICE TEAS, Coffee, Tobacco, Raisens, Spices, and almost all other articles usually kept in a grocery store, for sale cheap, by HALL & TURNER.
September 27, 1847. 39

CARAWAY, MUSTARD and FLAX SEED.—S. PAGE & CO. will pay cash for 20 bushels Caraway Seed, 20 do. Mustard Seed, and 100 do. Flax seed, if well cleaned and of good quality. 34 Hallowell, Aug. 23.

SMUT MILL.

THE Subscriber hereby gives notice that he Manufactures and keeps for sale CRIMES' PATENT SMUT MILL, which is considered the best machine now in use for cleansing smutty grain. This machine is warranted to give perfect satisfaction. I. G. JOHNSON.
Augusta, Sept. 27, 1847. 1y39

J. W. TOWARD, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

EAST SIDE OF THE RIVER,

Augusta, Maine.

Office on Cony Street, over T. H. Haskell's Store.
Augusta, June 24, 1847. 25

TO THE TRADE.

THIS DAY RECEIVED, per ship Laura, from Liverpool, **25 Crates Assorted Crockery,** containing a large portion of Common Teas, Bowls, Plates, &c., for sale at the *Lowest Boston Prices*, at PIERCE'S *Furniture and Crockery Store, No. 4 Union Block.*
Augusta, September 10, 1847. 37

SOLAR LAMPS,

THE subscriber, agent for the manufacturer of the *Premium Solar Lamps, Chandeliers &c.*, keeps constantly for s

The Maine Farmer; A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Literature, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

The Muse.

[For the Maine Farmer.]

GLORY OF THE MIDNIGHT SKIES.

BY JOHN S. LYNDE.

Though wise men say the stars ne'er move,
And few can doubt their saying right,
Yet all one night, o'er skies of love,
I saw them roll with wondrous light.

Far through the deep and arching dome,
Ten thousand stars began their lay,
To some new realms, or fairer home,
They seemed to sing in joy away.

The Huntsman fierce and Greyhounds high,
Swift chased the Bear around the Pole,
And all the stars in Nature's sky,
At some high mandate seemed to roll.

The Archer rode as some brave knight,
True Centaur-like, his bow was drawn,
When Capricorn began her flight,
I saw Aquila twinkling dawn.

The Scorpion old was stretched along,
Pegasus rose with wings outspread,
And all the worlds in Nature's throng,
From sun to sun their glories shed.

Away, away, where light unrolls
Its flaming plumes and diadems,
I saw old Draco's shining folds,
And Ursa Major's sparkling gems.

Sublime, sublime, the wandering eye
Beheld the deathless gods of yore,
Whose vanished forms had soared on high,
As fable tells in ancient lore.

Beyond, beyond, galaxes far,
To one vast sun the whole are bound,
Who wings a speed to every star,
To roll and roll eternal round.

Around, around, great Alcyone,*
They wheel rejoicing o'er and o'er,
With quenchless light from God's pure throne,
Their glories shine forevermore!

NORRIDGEWOCK, Oct., 1847.

*The great central sun, around which all other suns of the universe are supposed to revolve.

[From the Berkshire Courier.]

THE LITTLE STRAW HAT.

'Tis a dear little hat, and it hangs there still—
And its voice of the past bids our heart strings thrill,
For it seems like a shadow of days passed o'er,
Of the bright one gone who that hat once wore.

'Tis a dear little hat, for each simple braid
Tells that oft o'er its platting those fingers played,
And many a wreath for its crown had been twined,
To the graceful taste of his youthful mind.

Yes, there silent it hangs, with its curling front,
Still as playfully rolled as has been its wont;
But the golden ringlets which waved below,
Have curled their last cluster long ago.

Ay; the hat is the same, but it shades no more
Those light blue eyes as in days of yore;
And the sun-lit smile that danced o'er that brow,
Can but light up our heart's sad memories now.

Sad memories they are, o'er their quivering strings
Each breath of the by-gone a tremor flings,
And joys that we fain would waken again,
In memory are wreathed with a thrill of pain.

Then recall not the past—though the dimpled hand
May never again clasp the braided strand,
Though the breeze no longer may bear the tone
Of the ringing laughter of childhood's own.

Ah! think of him now with a glittering crown
O'er his heavenly forehead resting down,
While his fingers stray over the golden wire,
That blends with his voice mid the cherub choir.

Ay: I see him now with the holy light
Pouring broad on his brow with radiance bright,
And I hear the tones which in heaven have birth—
Oh! call him not back to this saddened Earth.

The Story-Teller.

[From Noah's Messenger.]

EVENTFUL DEATH OF A TORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

Of all the grades of tories with which this country was afflicted, that which herded with the savages was the worst. So long as the man of Saxon blood kept among his own kind, and was conscientious in his adherence to the cause he professed to embrace, there was no damning errors to be attached to him save one of judgment, or of unfortunate physical conformation. But the moment he attached himself to savages, and became their leader, or one of their councellors, he lost his individuality as a decendant of the Saxon race, and became even more despicable than the common traitor or the petty spy.

This grade of the tory was more numerous in the State of New York than in any other, and of them was one Donald McDonald, who did not hesitate—as in fact few of his kind did—to perpetrate every enormity, providing the existing political troubles gave the shadow of a legitimate excuse for it. In reality, it seemed that the greater outrages he committed, the better he was pleased. It was a task of no difficulty, to incite the Indians to acts of the most barbarous nature, and many was the miniature Wyoming in which Donald McDonald, and such as him, revelled. Of course the odium of these horrifying transactions was instantly accorded to the "infernal savages," while the pale-faced demons who stood, the authors of all, in the back-ground, escaped both general public condemnation and personal injury. But in the end these gentlemen usually found a bloody grave, to which they were sacrificed by vengeance. Among the chivalrous feats of Donald McDonald were those of holding "rebels" on pitchforks over fire—feeding the quadruped denizens of the forest with "rebel" infants—making persons who did not hurrah for the king run the Indian gauntlet—occasionally tarring and feathering the wife of a patriot—robbing farm-houses, and many other glorious doings that served his majesty and pleased those who directly represented the power of the crown in the colonies. Like the rest, Mr. McDonald carried the pitcher to the well once too often, and, sad to say, it was broken.

At a place called Shell's Bush, which was situate near Herkimer, in New York, was the house of a whig named John Christian Shell, who was a stern and courageous man, ready to shed the last drop of his blood in favor of liberty, and willing to face any danger when it became necessary for him to do so. The miserable and cowardly tories who knew him, were exceedingly afraid of him. He made no secret of his hostilities to their welfare, and kept an eye so watchful upon the movements of the doubtful ones, that they were effectually held in check. It may reasonably be supposed that they were exceedingly anxious to rid the country of him, and to do this they denounced him at headquarters as one of the king's most inveterate enemies. He was accordingly marked for sacrifice. These circumstances threw him into a number of dangerous rencontres, and served to make for him a multitude of personal enemies. Among the enemies most hostile to Shell was Donald McDonald, who had twice essayed to take his life, and had sworn to have it eventually.

It was in the autumn of 1781 that McDonald determined to execute this vow, he being then near Herkimer with a small band, or party of cut-throats, equally composed of Indians and white scoundrels.

We should have mentioned that Shell's wife was as staunch a liberty *man* as her husband, and that his children, of whom he had several, (how many, the source of our information does not specify,) were also thoroughly alive to the importance of the contest, and, of course, ranked under the same banner with their progenitors. He always kept his family armed as well as the exigencies of the times would permit. The house was small, but compact, and capable of enduring a heavy assault. It was built of rough-hewn logs, strengthened by mortar *plugs* in the chinks, and pierced by loopholes large enough to permit the egress of fire-arms. Our readers need not wonder at this. Many of the houses that stood in the time of the revolution were decorated in this style, and not a few of them were well scarified by bullets. Balls have been extracted, in any quantity, from some of the old tenaments in this city.

Having settled to assault and murder Shell and his whole family, McDonald ordered his satellites to follow him, and started for the place of his enemy's abiding, which he reached in due time. He had explained to his comrades the motive which actuated him. There was little plunder, but plenty of revenge to be had, and no doubt the loyalists would pay well for the contemplated slaughter, if it was accomplished.

Arrived before Shell's dwelling, McDonald's first step was to endeavor to surprise the inmates; but that was impossible, and the attempt failed. He then demanded their instant surrender. Shell demanded to know who was there, and McDonald savagely answered—

"*It is* I, Donald McDonald, half-Indian and half-white*—Indian in my feelings and white in blood."

"Why do you wish my surrender?" asked Shell. "If you have any old scores to settle with me, why not deal with me alone? What have my family to do with our affairs?"

"*I will settle with you,*" answered McDonald; "but my campanions are the king's servants, and they will punish your family for rebellion."

"King's devils!" growled Shell, who was not particular in his choice of phrases and epithets; "if you want plunder you may as well travel further, for here there is none: if you want to shed our blood, and gain favor with the foes of the continentallers, you must fight, that's all!"

"Then you won't give in?" said McDonald, as if he wanted to be satisfied beyond doubt, ere he struck a blow of hostility.

"Anybody that knows John Christian Shell, wouldn't ask that question twice," replied Mrs. Shell, in a loud voice.

There was a sound as of additional barricading within, and the tory leader immediately ordered his men to force an entrance where they could, an order which they proceeded to obey with alacrity and some noise. The first one who approached the only window in the face of the dwelling, fell by a shot aimed from within. This exasperated the assailants, and they became zealous in their endeavors to break into the house. At last, after a quarter of an hour's skirmishing and hard work, McDonald called for a cessation of hostilities, to which Shell of course could offer no objection, being the party on the defensive, and the weaker of the belligerant forces. McDonald then informed him that, unless he consented to deliver himself up to their mercies, they would fire the house.

"Then you must do so, inhuman monster!" abruptly exclaimed the heroic wife—"for he shall not yield, if *I* take his life to prevent him."

"Ah! madam," said McDonald, "we'll have you out. We do not wish to burn, only to smoke you. I shall try to obtain an entrance, cost what it will."

The tories then began to prepare to fire the house; and while they were engaged at this task, their leader, who really possessed courage of the animal order, took a crowbar with which they were always supplied, and boldly going to the door, began to deal rapid and powerful blows upon it. By this time poor Shell's little stock of powder was exhausted, and he was at a loss for a method of effectual resistance. Suddenly a thought was conceived. It was one of those bold expedients which men in desperate positions so frequently bring to their relief, in an instant, when all cause for hope seems to have vanished.—Hastily removing the bars and bolts that still resisted firmly the faithful prying and pounding of McDonald, he opened it, as the matter-of-fact chronicler who furnishes the crude fact says, "quick as a flash of lightning." He at once seized the astonished and all but exulting tory, and drew him into the house, and, before any of the gentry outside knew of the transaction, Donald McDonald *was a prisoner!* He was disarmed and bound, but not until after some slight resistance. He was then made to *give*, by a confession that it was his will to do so, all the ammunition he had on his person, to be fired against his own comrades!

"McDonald," said Shell, quietly, as he helped his family load the pieces, "you come here to murder us, who never offended you or yours. Mere cruelty dictated this bloodthirsty attempt of you and your brother savages. They are now firing my house. The very instant smoke becomes perceptible to our nostrils, I will set fire to your clothing, and if my bones are to crumble to ashes here, yours shall moulder beside them."

"Oh, God!" cried the tory, affrighted by the contemplation of a death which he knew Shell would surely inflict, "let me order them to stop and extinguish the fire they have already made."

"Certainly," replied Shell, as he coolly fired through one of the loopholes.

McDonald soon alarmed his band by his cries, and signified to one of the whites the nature of his peril, begging that the flames, if engendered, might be instantly "put out." The man answered that they *should* be put out; but that get in, or kill Shell and his family, they were determined, as he had killed three of their men and wounded four others, one severely.

"Then there are but eight left to do service," said McDonald, with rage in his features.

"So I guess we are a match for that number yet," was the remark of the intrepid patriot.

The outsiders were really determined to do some execution, for after crying to McDonald to shield himself if he could, they thrust five musket barrels through the loopholes.—Mrs. Shell seized a hatchet, and, before they were withdrawn, ruined every one. Only two were even fired. By one, the heroine was badly wounded in the left arm, and the ball from the other, strange to say, struck McDonald in the leg. He shrieked with pain.

Shell now informed the marauders, whose zeal appeared to have become thin and watery by a dilution of fear or wonder, that there were too many in the house for them, and in their turn they (the inmates) would sally out and attack them, knowing their strength from McDonald. It was signified that the assailants did not credit Shell's assertion.

"Tell them," said Mrs. Shell, holding the hatchet over McDonald's head, "how many there are here—strong, able-bodied men."

The prostrate tory eyed the hatchet, and the frightful appearance of the woman who held it. He then looked upon Shell, who held his hands up, and the fingers and thumbs outstretched. McDonald took the hint. He replied, speaking to his men—"There are ten here, besides Shell, his wife and a daughter."

"Yes, we heard you was coming," exclaimed Shell's eldest son, a lad of eighteen, "and now you had better be going."

A pause was observed. The party outside consulted. There was some wrangling, which soon subsided, and at last they moved off. Mrs. Shell's wound was dressed, which occupied some time, and then Shell commanded his family to prepare for instant flight. He said he knew they would return, and they should be disappointed in finding anybody but their own wounded leader. All the articles of use, arms, etc., that could be carried were hastily gathered together, and in an hour or two after the retirement of the foe, Shell and his family were ready to decamp.

"I should like to have something to remember to-day by, and my victory over you," said Shell to McDonald, who was groaning with the pain of his wound; "let me see if I can find a memento."

He searched the person of the tory, and found a silver-mounted tomahawk, of exquisite workmanship, for carrying which he was notorious. It was a sort of badge of his infamy.

"I'll take this," was Shell's remark, as he secured it in a belt which he wore. "And now, McDonald," he continued, as he approached the threshold of the door, "there is one favor you must do me as an *old friend*."

"Oh yes," stammered McDonald, sneering, as energetically as his condition would permit, "I know—yes—what is it?"

"Why," was the response, "just be kind enough to shout for General George Washington."

"No! Kill me, but don't trample on me now that I am powerless."

"What were you going to do with me, and my wife and children too, eh?" cried Shell, passionately. "Shout, or this is the last of you!"

"Well, hurrah for General George Washington! There, will that do?" he groaned.

"Yes, and so good bye." Shell and his family departed, and made their way, with all the speed they could command, to Fort Dayton, which they reached in safety and without hindrance. True to their vindictive instinct, the tories returned with a reinforcement.—They found their leader bleeding, and with his leg terribly shattered. After chopping up and destroying everything in the house—we wonder they forgot to fire it—they took McDonald up, and bore him to the dwelling of a loyalist near at hand. It was found necessary to amputate the wounded limb. Heaven is just. The hemorrhage could not be stopped, and one of the worst tories whose name has descended to posterity was no more.

Shell counted, on McDonald's tomahawk, thirty scalp notches, which showed that he, a white man and civilized, had *scalped* as many of his brethren, and they contending for their political rights. This is sufficient to obliterate any sympathy that might be felt for his discomfiture and death!

*This was a favorite saying of his—so says the historian.

THE SKY LEAPERS.

A THRILLING TALE OF NORWAY.

Much of the interest felt on beholding a chain of lofty mountains, arises from the feeling that on lands such as these the foot of the invader has seldom rested, and has never long tarried. So often, from the pass of Thermopylæ to the heights of Mogarten, have the brave proved their own hills to be impregnable, that no tale of overwhelming numbers will counteract the feeling that a mountain-land so won has been betrayed by the cowardice of the inhabitants. Of this cowardice history unfortunately gives us some proofs. But these few instances of weakness and treachery only serve to give the force of strong contrast to the bright examples of higher and nobler spirits. These reflections apply more especially to Norway, the scene of tradition which now awakens them, and which often rouses the warm Norse blood, when told by some of the older peasants to the listeners round a cottage hearth on a long winter's evening.

In 1612, there was a war between Norway and Sweden, distinguished from a mass of the forgotten conflicts, at one time so frequent between these rival and neighboring countries, by the tragic fate of Sinclair's body of Scottish allies, the remembrance of which is celebrated in many a fine Norwegian ballad. It is a matter of history, that the Scotts landed on the west coast of Norway, to join their allies, the Swedes, went to join their allies, the Swedes, went along the only valley pass leading to Sweden, and were annihilated in the deep defile of Galbransdale, by the peasantry. At the time when they should have arrived in Sweden, a small body of Swedes, encamped in Jempteland, resolved to join their allies, of whose movements they had received intelligence, and escort them over the frontiers, crossing by the hill passes, and uniting with the Scotts on the other side. This band, to whose fortunes we attach ourselves, numbered but three hundred warriors; but they were the flower of Sweden. They resolved to penetrate the barrier at the most inaccessible point, believing that the Norse would collect in the Southern country, where they were opposed by a Swedish army, and rest secure in the deep snows, which rendered the hills impassable, for the defence of their mountain frontier.

So they came, says the legendary story, to the foot of the wild pass of Ruden, a spot fated to be dangerous to the Swedes, and since strewed with the frozen corpses of the hosts of Labarre and Zoega, who perished there. Their company filled the few cottages of the small hamlet on the Swedish side of the barrier, where they arrived in the early part of the day. They were eager in their inquiries for a guide, being resolved to pass the hills ere night, lest tidings should reach the Norsemen of their approaching foes; but all their search proved fruitless. Many of the Swedes of the village had been over these mountains, but none were on the spot possessing that firm confidence derived from certainty of knowledge, and from conscious intrepidity, which could alone make them sure and willing guides in an expediton of so much peril and importance. At last old Sweyne Koping, the keeper of the little inn which was the Swedes' headquarters, shouted with the joy of one who has at once hit upon the happy solution of a difficulty. "By the bear!" he exclaimed, "could none of you think of the only man in Jempteland fit for the enterprise, and he here on the spot all the while! Where is Jarls Lindens?"

A hundred voices echoed the eager question and the leaders were told to their regret, that they must wait perforce till the morrow, for the only man able or willing to guide them. Lindens had gone forth on a journey, and would not return that day.

"Well," said Eric Von Dalin, the chief of the Swedish detachment, "there is no help for it. To day we must depend upon the entertainment of our host; but beware, my brave men all, beware of deep horns of ale or mead. Remember," pointing to the rugged peaks glittering in the snow, "remember that all who would sleep beyond those to-morrow will need firm hands and true eyes. And, good Sweyne, (addressing the inn-keeper who was the chief person of the hamlet), look well that no sound of our coming reach those Norse sluggards. There may be some here, who for their country's sake would cross the hills this night with warning."

"Thou art right, by Manheim's freedom!" cried the host; "here sits Alf Stavenger; he knows these hills better than his own hunting pouch, and would think little of carrying the news to his countrymen. I am sorry," he continued, turning to Alf, "verily I grieve to make an old friend a prisoner; but you must abide here in safe keeping till our men are well forward."

"I care not if I stay here to-night and forever," replied the Norseman. Eric now looked for the first time upon the speaker, and confessed that he had never beheld a finer looking man. In the prime of the beauty of the Northern youth, Alf Stavenger was remarkable for a cast of features bearing traces of a higher mind than can often be discerned in the cheerful, lusty faces of his countrymen.

"Does the valley marksman speak thus?" said the host.

"Ay," answered the youth, "when you are thrust forth from the fireside, you can but seek another roof. If your own land casts you out, you are fain to cling to the stranger—the enemy."

"Has Emlen's father been rough?" inquired Sweyne.

"Name him not!" replied the young peasant, angrily. "They have heaped refusal and insult upon me—let them look for their return! Ay, Skilman Harder may one day wish I had wed his daughter—my name shall yet be fearfully known throughout Norway. Swede, I will myself guide your troops this night over the Tydel. Trust me fully, and you shall be placed to-morrow beyond those white peaks."

"You will have a fearful passage first," said an old peasant; "there is no moon now, and it will be pitch dark long before you cross the Nærœ."

"The night is to us as noon-day," cried a young soldier; "for your crags we fear them not, were they as high as the blue heavens. Our life has been among rocks, and in our land we are called the 'Sky-leapers.'"

"I will trust the young Norsemen," continued the chief; "wounded pride and slighted love may well make a man hate the land that has spurned him, were it his own a hundred times."

As the day was fast wearing away, but little time was lost in preparation. Each man carried with him fir skates, to be used when, after climbing the rough ascent, they wound along those narrow and difficult paths which skirt the face of the cliffs crossing the mountains. Their guide told them, when it grew dark, by lighted torches, to be procured and used as he should afterwards direct them.

During their slippery and rugged journey, Alf could not help admiring the spirit, coolness and activity shown by the party in scaling the dangerous rocks; and they felt insensibly drawn one to another by that natural though unuttered friendship which binds together the brave and high-souled. Still few words passed between them, though many of the Swedes spoke Norse well, and Alf knew Swedish as thoroughly as his own tongue. On both sides were feelings which led them to commune with their own thoughts in silence.

After some hours of hard and successful climbing, they halted, at the close of the day on the snowy summit of a ridge they had just ascended, to fasten on their skates. They had now to traverse the long, slippery defiles so peculiar to Norway, where the path runs upon narrow ledges of rock, at an awful height, winding abruptly in and out along the rugged face of the hills. Here they formed in single file, and their guide, taking the lead of the column, kindled, by rapid friction, one of the pine branches, of which each had, by his orders, gathered an abundance on their way. He said, in a few brief and energetic words, "that here must they tempt the fate of all who would conquer Norway, unless they choose to return; now were they really to win their proud name of Sky-Leapers." He bade them move along rapidly, and steadily, following the light of his torch. Every man was to bare a blazing pine, kindled from his, and thus, each pressing on the light before him, the track would not be lost in the turns and windings. He placed the coolest and most active in the rear, that they might pass lightly and skilfully over the snow, roughened by the track of their leaders, and keep the line of lights, which was their only hope of safety, compact and unsevered.

What a change from the toilsome climbing which had wearied the most enduring spirit! They flew over the narrow slippery path, now in a straight arrow-course of fires, now lost and then emerging in the sharp turnings of the cliffs. The dangers of the Nærœ, which make even the natives shudder at the giddy narrow path and awful depths, were half unseen in the darkness, and all unfeared by these brave men, who darted exultingly through the keen bracing night-breeze of the hills.

At every step the windings became more abrupt, and it seemed to his nearest follower, that even the guide looked anxious and afraid, when almost close to him at a turning, he saw, by the joining light of their torches, the countenance of Alf turned back towards the long line of flying stars, with a troubled and sorrowful look. To encourage him he cried, in a bold and cheerful tone, "No fear! no danger! On brave Stavenger! The Sky-Leapers follow thee!" "On!" shouted back the guide, with a cry that echoed through the whole band, and quickened their lightning speed. Their torches flew along in one unbroken straight stream of fire, till a wild scream arose, marking the spot where light after light dropped in the dark silence. The depth was so terrible that all sound of fall was unheard. But that cry reached the last of the sinking line, and their hearts died within them; there was no stopping their arrow-flight—no turning aside without leaping into the sheer air.

Alf Stavenger shuddered at the death-leap of these brave men over the edge of the rock. His soul had been bound to them in their brief journeying together, and had they not come as his country's invaders, he would have loved them as brothers for their frank courage. But Alf was at heart a true son of Norway. It is true he had resolved, in the despration of his sorrow, to leave his father-land forever; still, when he saw this band coming to lay waste the valleys which he knew to be undefended, his anger was in a moment forgotten, and all his hot Norse blood was stirred within him. He was deterred, as we have seen from crossing the hills to warn his countrymen; and he knew that when Jaris returned, he would be able and willing to guide the Swedes over the pass. He soon planned his daring scheme. "Ay," thought he, while this waving train followed his leading torch, "I told them that *here* they should earn the proud name of Sky-Leapers! that here those who warred with Norway should brave their fate! I said that Skialm Harder would wish he had given me his fair daughter—that my name should be known over my land for a deed of fear and wonder! I promised they should sleep on our side of the hills! Now will I keep all that I have sworn. 'Tis a pity for them, too, so brave, so young, so unsuspecting; but two words have made my heart iron—Emlen and Norway."

Alf remembered one point where a long, straight path ended suddenly in a peak of rock, jutting far into the empty air. The road was continued round so sharp a re-entering angle, that much caution and nerve was needed, even by one well aware of the danger, to wheel rapidly and steadily round the face of the abrupt precipice, and avoid shooting straight over the ledge of rock. He had fixed upon this spot for the death leap;—in fact the Swedes never could have passed it in safety without having before been apprised of the peril, and afterwards cautioned of its vicinity as they approached.

When he looked back, as he led the line rapidly to their unseen and dreadful fate, he shuddered to think on what a death the brave and light-hearted men who followed him were rushing. A word from the nearest follower roused him; he shouted to hasten their rapid flight, and darted boldly on, throwing his leading torch far over the point where they should have taken the sudden turn; but he had nearly fallen into the ruin of his followers.—With the sounding speed of the flyers pressing hard upon his footsteps, all his nerve was barely sufficient, after flinging his blazing pine straight forward as a lure, to check his own course, and bear him round the point which severed life from death.

His speed was slackened by turning, and for a second, he fell giddy and senseless; every nerve had been strung for the decisive moment, and his brain reeled with the struggle. He awakened to consciousness to see the last of the line of torches dart into the empty space—then sink forever; and he listened with a cold thrill of awe and terror to the echoes of the death screams of the last of the Sky-Leapers.

HORSE STORIES.

Dear Reveille,—I am going to drive a pair of horse stories, *tandem*, as it were, and thus I crack my whip on the leader:

One of the best fellows in Boston keeps a very extensive carriage repository. His vehicles always take the prize at the great fair, and his pleasant humor equally carries off the palm for himself in every company. At his public sale, every Saturday morning, horses as well as carriages are disposed of, upon commission; and in connection with the *hanimals* he has a large fund of droll anecdotes, made thrice amusing by his own vivid manner of relation.

"It's a fine gray mare I've got for yer, for to-morrow, then!" says a little bleary Irishman, coming up, one Friday morning, with a peculiarly insinuating air of his own; "it's a fine gray mare, and, bedad, you'll limit her!"

"Is she sound?" demanded the knight of the hammer.

"Oh, perhaps a spavin, or a small touch in the wind; but she's *sound*—you may warrant her; and she's limited, mind."

"Certainly; she ought to be! To how much?"

"Well, thin, say forty dollars; perhaps thirty; or maybe twenty; but she's limited to forty, ye mind!"

At the sale next morning the anxious owner was at the elbow of the auctioneer as he amusingly commented upon the remarkable *points* of the animal then offered to the company. Human ingenuity, however, was thrown away in the case; not a real bid was offered, and when the auctioneer, on his "own book," declared that fine gray mare, kind and gentle, and calculated to go in any possible manner, was absolutely *going* for fifteen dollars, the whisper reached him:

"Bedad, you'd better let her go!" Down went the hammer, and off went the Irishman—returning, however, as soon as the catalogue had been run through.

"By the Lor' its a great sacrifice you made of her, any way," said he, "but I'll take the money."

"Take the money! Why, she was *bought in for you!*"

"For me! when it's ridding myself of the baste, I am! Didn't you knock her down at fifteen dollars?"

"Certainly I did, and to *you*."

"D—n the fifteen *cints*, thin, I'd give for her! A purty thing you've made of it for me! Another week to lie over, and livin' on nothing, for divil a bit she gets out of me!"

The Irishman was going off in a rage when he was overhauled for the usual fee for putting an animal up, whether sold or not. Wrath now turned to horror, and, swearing that the murdering ould baste was ating his life out, he departed, haunted, probably, to the present day, by the ghost of a skeleton gray mare.

M. De la—— is an elderly French gentleman of noble connections, but altered fortunes; he sustains himself, however, in a handsome position in society by his talent; and is, withal, a model of gentlemanly deportment and feeling. He, not long since, bought a splendid looking horse for one hundred and fifty dollars, which, however, proved to have a very vile trick of stumbling, and, after three narrow escapes of his neck, Monsieur was obliged to request our auctioneer friend to include the animal in his next sale. The morning came, and this owner, also, was in attendance—from a conscientious motive, however. The horse was of fine blood, admirable condition, and the bidding, to the owner's great tribulation, became quite spirited.

"Mon Dieu," he uttered, "tis rascale shame for me not to speak!"

"One hundred dollars—going—*going*; magnificent saddle horse, and kind in harness. One hundred and ten:—sold for no fault—"

"Broke my neck tree times," said the scrupulous Frenchman, in an agony, and catching the auctioneer by the skirt, the company wondering, meanwhile, what that tall figure behind the salesman was dancing about!

"Hundred and fifteen—twenty—thank you; sound in every particular, sure of gait, and warranted—"

The auctioneer, however, considered that his French friend had been swindled, and he determined that he should suffer as little as possible from it. He proceeded—

"Hundred and twenty-five—"

"Ten dollars more for me and stop de sale," cried the French owner; but the crowd only saw in him an anxious competitor, and they became more eager.

"Thank you, Monsieur," continued the auctioneer. "Hundred *thirty-five*—forty—forty-five—five—*fifty*—fifty-*five*—the Napoleon breed, gentlemen, *sixty*—"

"Diable! c'neat pas honorable! Stop de sale! You vas have de constables wis me."

The excitement of the tenacious gentleman became extreme; and when the hammer at length descended, leaving him a handsome gainer by the sale, he stole away to muse upon the gullibility of man, the frailty of horse flesh, and the great probability of his being overhauled for something dreadful and sent to the State Prison, at least! Six hours—the extent of the warrantee—expired, however, without the horse being returned, and Monsieur now rides a finer animal, with an easier conscience. EVERPOINT.

[St. Louis Reveille.]

RUGGLES, NOURSE & MASON'S

GENUINE EAGLE PLOWS.

THESE PLOWS are made by the proprietors from patterns of their own peculiar invention, and in their great variety of sizes, forms and features, are found those adapted to all kinds of soils, and modes of culture in different parts of the Union.

In the construction of the wood part of their plows, they use machinery particularly adapted to that business, patented, and only used by themselves, which forms all plows of the same size, one precisely like another, insuring a uniform operation; and when any part is needed for repairs, the manufacturers furnish, cheaply and quickly, the part required, which is sure to fit, and the farmer is at once accommodated; he can attach the part himself, and is insured that his plow will operate as at first.

The timber of which these plows are made (the Worcester county white oak) is so widely and favorably known as to require no remarks.

The mould-board, landside, and point, are *ground* and *polished*; thus they are fitted for use in the most adhesive soil, so that the dirt will not adhere and impede their progress.

The iron of which they are made is composed of an admixture of several kinds, which produces a metal of far greater strength and durability than the ordinary iron used for the purpose, and endures safely the *chilling process* which is applied to the *point and wing* of the share, and *base* of the landside. This process insures at least one hundred per cent. more service in those parts, so soon worn out on most other plows.

It is the *peculiar* form of the Worcester Eagle Plows to perform their work in the best and easiest possible manner, their varied adaptation to different soil and tillage through out the whole country, and to the above named and other improvements, that has gained for them so enviable and widely extended celebrity. A very strong testimony of their great superiority, and the high estimation in which they are held by the farmers, is that the plow makers in Boston, New York, and elsewhere, have attempted to imitate them by putting upon their plows the same *names* and *New*, as "Eagle" &c., and thus endeavor to palm off their own upon the public as the genuine Eagle plows.

In 1846, the first premiums were awarded to competitors who used plows made by Ruggles, Nourse & Mason, at Plowing Matches in the counties of Essex, Middlesex, Worcester, Hampshire and Berkshire, in Massachusetts; in Kennebec, in Maine; in counties in Vermont, Connecticut, and Maryland.

All the various sizes of the above named plows, are offered for sale at the manufacturers' prices, and on terms to suit purchasers, by JOHN MEANS & SON.

Augusta, August, 1847. 3m32

DR. WARRENS'

SARSAPARILLA, TOMATO AND WILD CHERRY PHYSICAL BITTERS, *at 50 cents per bottle.* Sarsaparilla, Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters have now become a standard medicine, universally approved by Physicians, as a safe, speedy and effectual remedy for *Scrofulous, Mercurial and Cutaneous diseases; Jaundice*, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Billious Disorders, Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Weak and Sore Stomach, Ulcers and Running Sores, Swelling of the Limbs, Pain in the Bones, Tumors in the Throat, Rheumatic Affections, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, bad Humors, Eruptions on the Face or Body, Cancerous Sores, King's Evil, Chronic Catarrh, Languor, Debility, Headache, Dizziness, Sallow Complexion, and all those diseases which arise from the abuse of Mercury, or from an impure taint in the blood, no matter how acquired.

The extract here presented is prepared after directions given by the celebrated Dr. Warren, whose name it bears, and will be found superior to any preparation of the kind now in use. It is highly concentrated, entirely vegetable, and very finely flavored to the taste. The change which it produces in the condition and tendency of the system is *speedy and permanent.*

As a Spring medicine for purifying the blood, strengthening the stomach and body, and checking all consumptive habits, the Sarsaparilla, Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters are entirely unrivalled.

Prepared and sold by DAVID F. BRADLEE, at the *Magasin de Sante*, (Magazine of Health,) 130 *Washington street, Boston*, General Agency for Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, Upham's Pile Electuary, Bradlee's Purifying and Preserving Pills, Dr. Jackson's Infallible Eradicator, Bradlee's New England Hair Restorative, Bradlee's Superior Cologne Water, &c.

Also, as above, all the *Popular Medicines* in general use, *pure and genuine*, at the lowest possible prices.

AGENTS.—*Augusta*, J. E. LADD, and S. S. BROOKS; *Hallowell*, B. Wales, and S. Page & Co.; *Gardiner*, H. Smith, and G. M. Atwood; *Bath*, A. G. Page; *Belfast*, Washburn & Jordan; *Bangor*, G. W. Ladd; *Norridgewock*, Blunt & Turner; *Norway*, Hall & Dow, and by the dealers in medicine generally throughout New England. 1y28

DR. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA,

The most Extraordinary Medicine in the World!

THIS Extract is put up in quart bottles; it is six times cheaper, pleasanter, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures diseases without vomiting, purging, sickening, or debilitating the patient.

The great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other medicines is, while it eradicates diseases it invigorates the body. It is one of the very best Spring and Summer medicines ever known; it not only purifies the whole system and strengthens the person, but it creates new, pure and rich blood; a power possessed by no other medicine. And in this lies the grand secret of its wonderful success. It has performed within the past two years, more than 35,000 cures of severe cases of disease; at least 6000 of these were considered incurable. More than 3000 cases of Chronic Rheumatism; 2000 cases of Dyspepsia; 4000 cases of General Debility and Want of Energy; 7000 cases of the different Female Complaints; 2000 cases of Scrofula; 2500 cases of Liver Complaint; 3500 cases of disease of the Kidneys and Dropsy; 8000 cases of Consumption, and thousands of cases of diseases of the blood, viz: ulcers, erysipelas, saltrheum, pimples on the face, &c. together with numerous cases of sick headache, pain in the side and chest, spinal affections, &c. &c.

This, we are aware, must appear incredible, but we have letters from physicians and our agents from all parts of the United States, informing us of extraordinary cures. R. W. Buskirk, Esq., one of the most respectable druggists in Newark, N. J., informs me that he can refer to more than 150 cases in that place alone. There are thousands of cases in the New York, which we will refer to any person with pleasure, and to men of character. It is the best medicine for the preventive of disease known. It undoubtedly saved the lives of more than 5000 *Children the past season*, as it removed the cause of disease, and prepared them for the Summer season.

UNITED STATES OFFICER.—Capt. G. W. McLean, of the U. S. Navy, and member of the New Jersey Legislature, has kindly sent us the following certificate.

RAMWAY, Jan. 2, 1847.

A year since I was taken with the Influenza, and my whole system fell in a debilitated state. I was induced to try Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and after taking two or three bottles, I was very much relieved, and attribute it entirely to the said Sarsaparilla. I have continued taking it, and I find that I improve every day. I believe it saved my life, and would not be without it under any consideration. G. W. MCLEAN.

To Mothers and Married Ladies.

This extract of Sarsaparilla has been expressly prepared in reference to female complaints. No female who has reason to suppose she is approaching that critical period, "the turn of life," should neglect to take it, as it is a certain preventive for any of the numerous and horrible diseases to which females are subject at this time of life. This period may be delayed for several years by using this medicine. Nor is it less valuable to those who are approaching womanhood, as it is calculated to assist nature by quickening the blood and invigorating the system. Indeed, this medicine is invaluable for all the delicate diseases to which women are subject.

It braces the whole system, renews permanently the natural energies—by removing the impurities of the body, not so far stimulating the system as to produce a subsequent relaxation, which is the case of most medicines taken for female weakness and disease.

GREAT FEMALE MEDICINE.

Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla is a sovereign and speedy cure for incipient consumption, barrenness, leucorrhœa, or whites, obstructed or difficult menstruation, incontinence of urine, or involuntary discharge thereof, and for the general prostration of the system—no matter whether the result of inherent cause or causes, produced by illness or accident.

Nothing can be more surprising than its invigorating effects on the human frame. Persons subject to weakness and lassitude, from taking it, at once become robust and full of energy under its influence. It immediately counteracts the nervelessness of the female frame, which is the great cause of barrenness.

It will not be expected of us, in cases of so delicate a nature, to exhibit certificates of cures performed, but we can assure the afflicted that hundreds of cases have been reported to us. Several cases where families have been without children, after using a few bottles of this invaluable medicine, have been blest with a healthy offspring.

Dr. Townsend—My wife being greatly distressed by weakness and general debility, and suffering continually by pain and a sensation of bearing down, falling of the womb, and with other difficulties, and having known cases where your medicine has effected great cures; and also hearing it recommended for such cases as I have described, I obtained a bottle of your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and followed the directions you gave me. In a short period it removed her complaints and restored her health. Being grateful for the benefits she received, I take pleasure in thus acknowledging it, and recommending it to the public.

M. D. MOORE, *cor. of Grand and Lydius sts.*

Albany, Aug. 17, 1847.

Opinions of Physicians.

Dr. Townsend is almost daily receiving orders from physicians in different parts of the Union.

This is to certify that we, the undersigned, physicians of the city of Albany, have in numerous cases prescribed Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and believe it to be one of the most valuable preparations of the Sarsaparilla in the market.

H. P. PULING, M. D.
J. WILSON, M. D.
R. B. BRIGGS, M. D.
P. E. ELMENDORF, M. D.

Principal office, 126 Fulton st., Sun Building, N. Y.; Redding & Co., 8 State st., Boston; Dyott & Sons, 132 North Second st., Philadelphia; S. S. Hance, Druggist, Baltimore; and by the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West Indies, and Canadas.

J. E. LADD, Augusta, and H. J. SELDEN & CO., Hallowell, *wholesale and retail agents*; for sale also by J. H. Leon & Co., Waterville; Stanley & Prince, Winthrop; A. T. Perkins, G. M. Atwood, Gardiner; A. H. Abbott, So China. 31

DAVID KNOWLTON,

ON OAK STREET,

HAS on hand a large assortment of FURNITURE, CHAIRS, and LOOKING GLASSES. Persons wishing to purchase will do well to call and examine before they buy elsewhere.

BIRCH AND PINE COFFINS of all sizes, on hand.

N. B. All kinds of OLD FURNITURE repaired at short notice.

Augusta, Oct., 1846. 43

PLOUGH MANUFACTORY.